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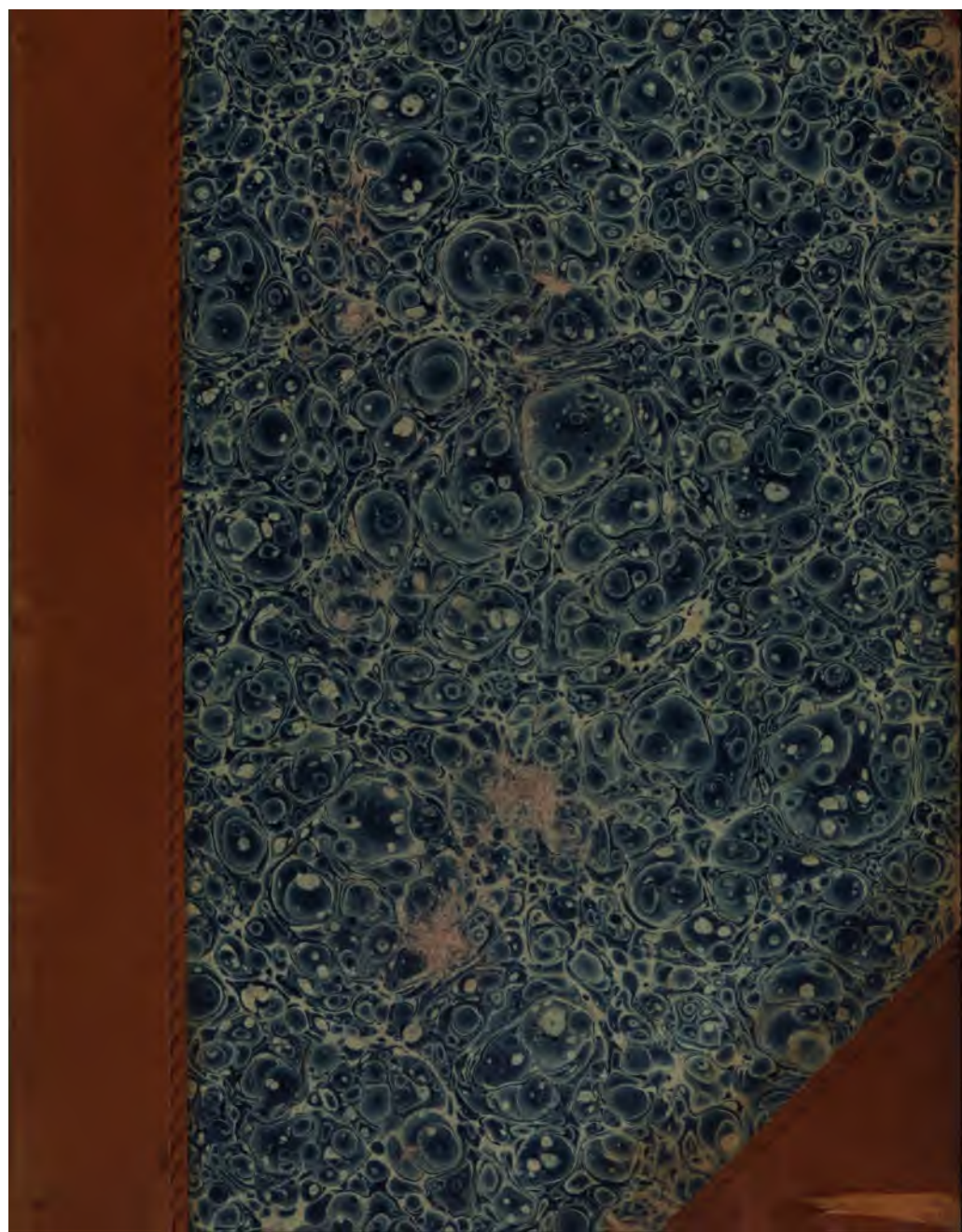
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43. 1227.



43. 1227.





**T H E R E S A :**

**THE MAID OF THE TYROL.**





T H E R E S A :

THE MAID OF THE TYROL.

**A Tragedy.**

IN FIVE ACTS.



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BY

WILLIAM LEWIS THOMAS.

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LONDON :

ALEXANDER WATT, 310, STRAND.

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1843.

**PEIRCE, PRINTER, 310, STRAND.**

## P R E F A C E.

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THIS Dramatic Piece is submitted to the Public with the greatest deference. The little encouragement which is afforded to the Drama, in modern times, forbids any confident expectations by Authors of acknowledged merit and distinguished fame. It cannot, therefore, be supposed that an unknown author can entertain any very sanguine hopes. He will be satisfied if he escape censure, although he may not obtain praise ; but he cannot object to the expression of a candid opinion on his performance, as he admires a spirit of liberal criticism, which by its genial influence may correct faults, as much as he contemns the flattering compliments of the inconsiderate, and the rancorous persecution of the unfeeling.

3, *Shawfield-street, Chelsea,*  
Nov., 1843.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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LEWIS VOSTNER . . . . .	<i>An Exiled Nobleman of Austria.</i>
RAYMOND LANDSBERG . . . . .	<i>A Villager in authority at Landek.</i>
BASIL AFFLAND . . . . .	{ <i>A Wealthy Landowner in the Country near Landek, in love with Theresa, Vostner's Daughter.</i>
SEBASTIAN FREILITZ . . . . .	
	{ <i>A valiant Tyrolese Youth, who had dis- tinguished himself in the War against Bavaria, France, and Saxony, be- trothed to Theresa.</i>
MARTIN . . . . .	
GASPER . . . . .	{ <i>Two Tyrolese Soldiers.</i>
MAURICE . . . . .	
GREGORY . . . . .	<i>A Blacksmith.</i>
FATHER PHILIP . . . . .	<i>A Tailor's Son.</i>
FATHER PHILIP . . . . .	<i>A Priest of Landek.</i>
COUNT OSNABERG . . . . .	<i>A Bavarian Commander.</i>
RYSWICK . . . . .	<i>A Captain in the Bavarian Service.</i>
FATHER STEPHEN . . . . .	<i>A Priest of Landek.</i>
FIRST SOLDIER . . . . .	{ <i>In the Bavarian Army.</i>
SECOND SOLDIER . . . . .	
THERESA . . . . .	<i>Daughter of Vostner.</i>
LISETTE . . . . .	<i>Her Attendant.</i>

## SCENERY.

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### ACT I.

- SCENE 1.** A Valley in the Tyrol. Vostner's House in sight.  
2. A Room in Vostner's House in the country near Landek.  
3. A Hall in the Village of Landek, in the Tyrol.

### ACT II.

1. Wild Mountain Scenery in the Tyrol.  
2. The Country near Landek—less Mountainous.  
3. Another Mountain Scene near Innsbruck.

### ACT III.

1. The Bavarian Camp near Innsbruck. Soldiers standing near the Watch-fires at night.  
2. A Scene near Landek.  
3. A Room at Munich.  
4. A Mountain Pass between Innsbruck and Landek.

### ACT IV.

1. A Room in Vostner's House, in Landek, whither he had removed.  
2. A Room in Father Philip's House, in Landek.  
3. A Room in Raymond Landsberg's House, in Landek.

### ACT V.

1. A Street near the Bridge, in Innsbruck.  
2. A Road in the Tyrol, with Landek in view.  
3. A Scene in Landek.

## ACT THE FIRST.

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### SCENE I.

*A Valley in the Tyrol; high Mountains in the distance,  
and the House of LEWIS VOSTNER in sight.*

*Enter GASPER (R) and MARTIN (L).*

GASPER.

Well met, Martin. What news o' the war?  
Think you our brave Hofer will hold out  
Against the Bavarians?

MARTIN.

The news is sad.  
Hofer retains his position at fearful hazard,  
Austria sends tardy succour,  
And France and Saxony support Bavaria.

GASPER.

We have as yet been unmolested here—  
But little hope there seems we shall be safe.  
Alas! that our poor land should be a stake,  
For which two mighty kingdoms  
Play the game o' war.



MARTIN.

Danger must rouse us to our duty.

GASPER.

True: we must arouse the villagers.

MARTIN.

What if we consult with Lewis Vostner!  
He lives hard by, and is well reputed.

GASPER.

Be it so! 'Tis whisper'd he is supreme  
On great emergencies.

MARTIN.

Lo here he comes.

*Enter VOSTNER.*

MARTIN.

We greet you well, good sir:  
'Tis fit we should advise and act with you,  
To plan our safety 'gainst Bavaria.

VOSTNER.

The villagers must speedily assemble  
And hold conference. Go you instantly  
To Raymond Landsberg: bid him  
Convene them to attend at noon;  
At that time I will be present, with the rest,  
And give expedient counsel.  
I'll go and seek Sebastian Freilitz,  
Who, tho' young, hath great capacity;

In judgment sound, in apprehension quick,—  
He is courageous, too, in action,  
And may be well relied upon.

MARTIN.

We'll go with all dispatch,

[*Exeunt* MARTIN and GASPER.

VOSTNER.

Hail, bounteous Providence !

That, in rewarding me for sturdy toils,  
Hast blest my mind with mild contentment,  
Since, from my native Austria exiled,  
I've found a resting-place among these wilds !  
What if the pomp of stately palaces,  
And the festal riot of Baronial Halls  
Be absent, and a rude simplicity  
Surrounds my present habitation !  
Virtue lives with me, in my hopeful child ;  
And the hard crust tastes savorily,  
As though I had been stranger, all my life,  
To aught but poorest home and roughest fare,  
Oh ! that the mighty din of cruel war  
Had ne'er obtruded on this home of peace !

*Enter* AFFLAND.

AFFLAND,

Good day, my much respected friend,  
Why art thou ever in a reverié,  
Like one who dreams in broad and wakeful day ?

## VOSTNER.

I am no dreamer ; for my name is action :  
And I possess the energy to do, betimes,  
First having resolv'd the best that may be done.  
Dreams are but sick'ning fancies, in ill-tun'd minds,  
That paint fictitious scenes of care and woe ;  
Or picture life, in joyful ecstasies,  
With hues that fade before reality.

## AFFLAND.

A matter fraught with deepest consequence  
Presses heavily upon my heart.

## VOSTNER.

Can I assist thee ? if I can, speak out.

## AFFLAND.

I love thy daughter, the fair Theresa.

## VOSTNER.

Affland, thou art rich and powerful here,  
And art esteem'd a man of mighty credit :  
But for all thy worth, or worldly heritage,  
My daughter never shall affianced be,  
Unless to him of her good heart's free choice.  
Hast thou e'er breath'd to her thy love ?

## AFFLAND.

If ever duty or respect prevail'd—  
As to my humble mind it should—  
Against the force of ardent inclination,

I never yet to fair Theresa's ear  
Utter'd a word of requisition ;  
But first to you, her worthy sire, made known  
My truthful passion.

VOSTNER.

In *that* thy circumspection bodeeth well ;  
For 'tis a parent's privilege first to judge  
Of things that best comport with prudent change  
In the alliance of a virtuous child—  
Station, circumstance, and fitness of condition :  
That done, his duty ceases.

AFFLAND.

Have I permission, then——

VOSTNER.

Affland, is this a time to press a love-suit,  
Now that fierce war doth grimly rage  
Upon the frontiers of thy native land ?  
Were I as young and vigorous as thou,  
I'd hold my life as cheaply as the dust,  
To serve my country in a righteous cause.

AFFLAND.

What would'st thou have me do ?

VOSTNER.

Follow Hofer, thy country's glory ;  
Emulate his virtues, as a soldier,  
And as a man, and give thy best assistance  
To protect thy country from aggression.

AFFLAND.

By acting thus I should betray my charge.

VOSTNER.

What charge ?

AFFLAND.

I should renounce protection of my home ;  
And, by a service for the gen'ral good,  
Neglect my patrimonial 'heritance.

VOSTNER.

Base and ignoble scion of thy house  
Now dost thou sink in nature's flowing tide,  
Below the ebb of wretchedest mortality :  
And as I do chide myself for wasting words  
With such a man, I leave thee.

*Enter* RAYMOND LANDSBERG.

RAYMOND.

Vostner, right glad am I to meet thee :  
Rumour speaks loud that the Bavarian troops,  
Eluding Hofer, are hither marching :  
This way I've come, with utmost speed,  
Thinking to see thee at thy dwelling ;  
And warn thee instantly to quit it  
For the village, where I offer  
Such asylum as the place affords  
To thyself and thy Theresa.

VOSTNER.

Hast thou conven'd the villagers ?

RAYMOND.

I have.

VOSTNER.

Then since fortune has favour'd thy endeavour  
Ere thou had'st reach'd my dwelling,  
Back to the village speed the nearest way,  
Where I will meet thee at th' appointed time.  
Much do I thank thee, worthy Raymond,  
And do accept thy proffered services :  
Meanwhile I'll hasten to Theresa,  
And prepare for our departure.

[*Exit VOSTNER.*]

AFFLAND.

Stay but a moment, Raymond Landsberg—  
Speak ; what means this dire calamity ?  
Is there *indeed* just ground for apprehension ?

RAYMOND.

Unquestionably !  
But I must to the village council,  
Where, if it please thee, give thy attendance  
And add thy meed of judgment.

AFFLAND.

What is the hour of meeting ?

RAYMOND.

Twelve.

AFFLAND.

I will attend.

RAYMOND.

Farewell.

[*Exit* RAYMOND.]

AFFLAND.

This looks reality:—

Yet why should I fear the Bavarian

More than the Austrian sway or government?

'Tis true that Austria hath been mistress

O' the Tyrol; and that Bavaria

Is not so well reputed in her power:

Yet if dependence *is* to be our lot,

I'll remain neutral 'till the contest's o'er,

Lest I offend the more puissant state.

Besides, my lands are far removed from danger,

And hence there seems to me no *common* cause.

But still in fav'ring Austria, I might gain

Some favour from the fair Theresa's eyes;

For she I know is one of Austria's daughters.

I will attend this village council,

And act as suits my own occasion.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Room in VOSTNER'S House. Enter THERESA and  
LISETTE.*

THERESA.

Well, Lisette. What news?

LISETTE.

News of what?—or whom?

THERESA.

Prithee speak, Lisette, I conjure thee:  
How look the villagers to-day? Speak!  
Will there be a dance to-day upon the green?  
Is there a wedding or a love-match talk'd of?  
Are the gossips rife with slander o' good names?  
Is merit spoken of in boast or grudge?  
Doth jest or earnest more predominate?  
Say something—pleasing if thou canst—  
But albeit painful, give it utterance:  
For life doth hang most heavily in silence.

LISETTE.

How can I answer so much questioning?  
Methinks, good lady, you would much prefer  
To hear me speak of your Sebastian,—  
Gentle youth—who wanders past your house,  
Sighing his lament in place of speech:



Methinks he need not be so silent now,  
Since he has had courage to declare his love.

THERESA.

Sebastian! What of him, Lisette?

LISETTE.

He is a marvellously fine gentleman—  
He is so far beyond our rustic youths!  
I'm sure he is of high descent, tho' poor.  
'Tis said he is an orphan.

THERESA.

His orphanage is a sad misfortune:  
But for his want of heritage, perhaps,  
Fortune doth requite him in another way.  
The nobler qualities of the mind  
Are roused and exercised in necessity.  
Give me the man that is not fortune's slave,  
But animates a self-reliance in his breast  
For service of his country and his friends.

LISETTE.

But what has this to do with love?

THERESA.

Love without esteem is but a shadow,  
That in the distance of experience  
Fades from the view, and proves our self-deception.  
'Tis so, I've heard my father often speak,  
When, with good counsel, he hath me advis'd

'Gainst the delusive influence of conceit,  
Which, as he says, doth blind the eye of reason.

LISETTE.

Then you love Freilitz for his qualities :  
Blending the inward with external graces,  
That merit admiration and respect.

THERESA.

'Tis even so : and I confess it all,  
Since thou hast prob'd my very heart.

LISETTE.

Oh, what philosophy, in sportive dress,  
Made earnest by strange application !  
Did ever lady love in such a fashion ?

THERESA.

Love seems to thee a mere thing of fondness,  
That bursts at once to openness and day.

LISETTE.

Love is the genuine impulse of the heart,  
That knows not, cares not, for the cause,  
Nor gives the time to think on't.  
'Tis not a thing of calculable worth,  
Or weigh'd in balances of good or evil ;  
But, being felt, 'tis cherish'd in the heart,  
Despite the sober dictates o' the mind.  
Fie on such love as thine ;—'tis but a counterfeit,  
Made up of prudence and cold precept.

## THERESA.

Prithce do not rail so much, Lisette ;  
Feelings unrestrain'd will grow too wild ;  
And if thy love be like thy rhapsody,  
'Twill soon grow tiresome and pernicious.  
'Tis not that I despise appearances,  
But that I guard 'gainst misplaced affection.  
One honest proof of generous sympathy  
Is worth a whole battalion of fine looks.  
Sebastian's of a right noble nature,  
And thus endears himself to all the villagers.  
Are any sick, Sebastian sends attendance ;  
Does danger threaten, he protection gives ;  
Distress relieves, almost as soon as felt ;  
And, ere the woful messenger of rumour  
Can herald forth his noisy proclamation,  
His silent ministry has perform'd the deed  
To gladden the sad heart without irruption :  
Fame yet demands her son, and merit looks itself,  
Despite his sober inclination to reserve.  
A chronicle of such glorious actions  
I set against thy worthless love at sight.  
*(A loud knocking at the door.)*  
But here comes my father from his early walk :  
Leave me, good Lisette.

LISETTE *(runs to the window and speaks).*

And, as I live, he brings another with him,  
A handsome youth, of graceful mien :  
See how he moves with measur'd pace,  
The look and moulded form of dignity.

**THERESA** (*hurriedly approaches the window*).

It is—it is Sebastian Freilitz.  
Fly, Lisette, and ope the door ;  
Tarry not a moment—go, haste !

**LISETTE.**

I'll hasten.

This is your gentleman of no appearance,  
Whose merits rest upon performances :  
Methinks his looks first courted your esteem,  
Or love, if I may call it so.

[*Exit LISETTE.*

**THERESA** (*still at the window*).

Alas ! they part—my father comes alone,  
Sebastian hurries back : 'tis passing strange !  
My sire looks pale and sorrowful :  
I'll haste to meet him, and know all his woes ;  
My bosom throbs with sadd'ning apprehension.

[*Exit.*

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### SCENE III.

*A Hall in the Village of Landek. Enter AFFLAND.*

**AFFLAND.**

This is the hall of meeting ;  
The villagers are not yet assembled.

Now could I whisper to Theresa's ear  
My tale of love, during her sire's absence,  
Perhaps she might listen to my tender suit.  
But how shall I contrive to gain her love?  
Sebastian already hath been favor'd:  
How may I circumvent his purpose?  
He hath gain'd some credit by his services  
In Hofer's army. Will not my wealth suffice  
To win her heart 'gainst his accomplishments?  
I'll go to Vostner's house while he is here,  
First having watch'd 'till his departure thence.  
But here Theresa comes—I'll speak to her.

*Enter THERESA.*

AFFLAND.

Good day, Theresa: 'tis no compliment  
To one whose graces radiate every scene  
And give a charm to nature.

THERESA.

Thy complaisance exceeds sincerity:  
I would not have thee waste it thus on one  
Who wants not—heeds not—such vain words.

AFFLAND.

Why should my speech be vain, when 'tis sincere?

THERESA.

Because it cannot gain encouragement,  
If it advance beyond mere courtesy.

AFFLAND.

I would not be discourteous, maiden—  
When I talk of love.

THERESA.

Love !

AFFLAND.

Yes. I swear by Heaven I love thee,  
And would maintain my love 'gainst any odds  
Or 'vantage that hath gain'd thy credence.

THERESA.

What proof can stand so high as merit ?

AFFLAND.

If I have not achiev'd, by warlike deeds,  
Honour, like that gain'd by Sebastian,  
I have a merit of another kind,  
Greater than he can claim.

THERESA.

What is thy worth in noble actions,  
Either in peace or war, to gain my love ?

AFFLAND.

I have the power to make thee happy  
In the enjoyment of all worldly goods,  
Which poverty can never purchase.

THERESA.

Poverty is allied to greatness !  
The struggle to achieve is greater far  
Than the possessions gain'd by others for us !  
In the right *use* of wealth consists its value !  
If Sebastian be poor, he's brave and good !

AFFLAND.

Beshrew me but his valour's much extoll'd  
Beyond desert. Had I opportunity  
I'd put to shame his boasted courage.

THERESA.

If lack of opportunity hath hitherto  
Debarr'd thy wish for glory—go seek it now :  
The times are rife to give thee ample chance  
In the protection of thy native land.  
It is no proof of valour to traduce the brave,  
Or lessen their achievements.

AFFLAND.

Should I, by joining Hofer's army, prove  
Myself more worthy than Sebastian,  
Would'st thou then accept my love ?

THERESA.

Thou could'st not, by any such inducement,  
Prove thyself *more* worthy than Sebastian ;  
For he is warm'd by *patriotic* zeal.  
I will not hear thee speak a single word  
In prejudice of such a gallant man.

AFFLAND.

Is, then, my suit quite hopeless?

THERESA.

It is, indeed, and ever shall be so.

AFFLAND.

Then Sebastian is my deadly enemy,  
And it shall go hard but——

THERESA.

Nay, do not threaten. Thy enemy!  
Thou slander'st him by such base accusation;  
I will away, and hear no more from thee.

[Exit THERESA.]

AFFLAND.

So, Theresa, is it thus thou treat'st me?  
This haughty air, and insolence of speech  
Shall be requited, with a vengeance;  
But I must dissemble my fell purpose,  
And play a borrow'd part, that shall deceive  
My rival, and all his admiring friends.  
Here come the villagers; now for a smooth  
Unruffled brow, and a fair countenance,  
To evade suspicion of my design.



*Enter Villagers. MARTIN, GASPER and RAYMOND  
stand forward.*

MARTIN.

It is the appointed hour ;—Vostner not here !  
He ever hath been punctual.

GASPER.

He hath, indeed ; and at such a time  
He surely will not fail.

RAYMOND.

Fear not, good friends,—the time's but just arrived ;  
Measure your confidence by experience.  
He is not a man of mighty promises,  
And deceitful in performance o' them ;  
His words hang on his lips with caution,  
But in his actions he is prompt and faithful.  
His mind's a truthful sanctuary  
Wherein is treasur'd up a retrospect  
In lasting remembrance of his contracts.

MARTIN.

Behold, he comes to prove thy praise deserv'd.

*Enter VOSTNER.*

VOSTNER.

Friends, let us, with despatch, devise  
Measures best fitting this occasion.  
Raymond, what say'st thou on this emergency

RAYMOND.

To me it seems of first importance  
That two of our friends should keep watch at night,  
Lest our foes should come upon us by surprise.

VOSTNER.

It is well. Who will perform this service ?

MARTIN.

I will, for one—and gladly, too—renounce  
The hours of sleep for those of watchfulness.

GASPER.

And I, with free'st heart, will join good Martin.

VOSTNER.

'Tis well :

To watch with care is to prevent surprise.  
In war, all parties should combine their force  
Against the common enemy of the State;  
Nor should their party feuds sow discord  
Among themselves, to check good enterprise ;  
Nor any jealousy of others' office  
Breed discontent, or rancour, in the soul,  
To impede the righteous course of glory.  
No duty can be mean that serves your country ;  
No condition low that leads to greatness,  
Hand in hand with justice.

*Enter* SEBASTIAN FREILITZ.

VOSTNER.

Welcome, good Sebastian Freilitz.

SEBASTIAN.

I greet ye well, good Vostner and the rest.  
Has aught been propos'd before my coming ?

VOSTNER.

Martin and Gasper have volunteer'd to watch  
Against surprise by the Bavarians.

RAYMOND.

What would Basil Affland now propose ?

AFFLAND.

What should *I* say where there's so much wisdom ?

RAYMOND.

Shame on thy cold, sarcastic speech.

AFFLAND.

I disclaim thy imputation.

RAYMOND.

Thou should'st have been prepar'd to give advice  
At such conjuncture.

VOSTNER.

Heed him not, good Raymond ;  
He feels no int'rest in the fate of Landek.  
Let us proceed with our affairs.

*Enter THERESA (unobserved).*

VOSTNER.

Next I propose, as fitting this emergence,  
That some trusty friend do speed to Hofer  
By the nearest pass, and, urging our peril,  
Try to obtain his succour.

RAYMOND.

Wilt thou, Affland, do this service?

AFFLAND.

I must decline so rash an undertaking.

SEBASTIAN.

I volunteer performance of that duty,  
If you, my countrymen, will entrust me.

VOSTNER.

Sebastian, thou art worthy o' the trust.  
What say ye, villagers?

ALL.

He is—he is! Long life to Sebastian  
Freilitz!

*[Exit AFFLAND stealthily.]*

VOSTNER.

Then the task is thine, brave youth,  
And must be executed in the night.  
'Tis indeed a dangerous embassy:  
For, if thou'rt interrupted by the foe,  
Thy death will be inevitable.

SEBASTIAN.

But if I succeed the Tyrol is secure ;  
And when the danger's past, I stand approv'd,  
As having acted for the common weal.

MARTIN.

'Tis nobly said. Heaven prosper thee !  
But how shall we know of thy arrival  
At Hofer's camp ?

SEBASTIAN.

By the timely succour you'll receive.

VOSTNER.

But we would know before, if possible,  
Since it would pain us to endure suspense :  
For safety of so good a life as thine  
Is all-important to thy country.

SEBASTIAN.

Then to assure ye in the night I'm safe,  
I'll light a fire upon a distant hill.

VOSTNER.

And may that light be seen to cheer us,  
As we would hail it till the welkin rang  
With echoing gladness.  
Now, friends, no more remains to be discuss'd ;  
We'll bid farewell to Freilitz, and depart—  
Trusting prosperity may crown the attempt.  
Sebastian, farewell !

MARTIN.

Farewell, brave youth : we'll watch the signal.

ALL.

Farewell—farewell !

*[Exeunt all but SEBASTIAN,*

THERESA,

Sebastian ! O Sebastian ! stay—

SEBASTIAN.

That voice should be Theresa's !

THERESA.

It is—it is Theresa's voice.

*(They rush into each other's arms.)*

I overheard thy dreadful purpose even now ;  
Methinks some other should have ventur'd life,  
And spar'd thy youthful inexperience.

SEBASTIAN.

Nay, Theresa : Youth should protect the experienced—  
It is the rightful season for exertion.  
What is life without a conscious merit  
Of desert, by living to a good account ?  
Man's but a steward, when he's even a king—  
Responsible to an over-ruling power  
For the use he makes of opportunities.

THERESA.

I do not chide thy virtue for acceptance  
Of this adventurous commission,

Nor my father for conceding it to thee :  
But I reprehend another of less worth,  
A man of craven soul, but great professions,  
Whose boasted courage shrank from the task  
Because it threaten'd danger.

SEBASTIAN.

Meanest thou Basil Affland ?

THERESA.

Whom else could I mean but him ?  
A man whose very nature shames itself  
By wrong pretension.

SEBASTIAN.

Be not so harsh, my fair Theresa,  
Time proves true friends ; doubt oft corrupts them.

THERESA.

Nay, truth will be truth in spite of doubt,  
And prove its worth by practice 'gainst opinion :  
Affland is all deceit and falsehood.  
Had he a soul like thine, he would go with thee.  
O, Sebastian ! how can I part with thee ?  
My grief is join'd with direful apprehension,  
As much I fear that some calamity,  
Like a rough sea, will wreck thy swelling hopes,  
And roll destruction over thee !

SEBASTIAN.

Fear not, my love ; as duty calls me  
I do not needlessly expose my life,

By seeking danger without recompense.  
The lowering clouds will quickly pass away,  
And sunshine smile upon our native land.

## THERESA.

Alas ! I cannot see the sunny side :  
A misty apprehension on my soul  
Doth thicken all the future.

## SEBASTIAN.

Would'st thou, then, by strange unkind forebodings,  
Breath'd from thy sweet lips, deter my purpose ?  
Must I recant my resolution ?  
Shall I call back thy sire, and whisper *fear* ?  
Proclaim myself a coward to the world,  
And imitate the man you loathe ?  
Rather let me die a torturous death,  
Tho' ev'ry joint were crush'd upon the rack,  
Than live a recreant and ignoble thing  
For men to point at, as in hateful scorn,  
Such a one propos'd and dispropo's'd :—  
He promis'd, but did not perform :—  
And though his country bled at ev'ry pore,  
He would not risk his life to serve it.  
O fie on such a man !—a mere weathercock—  
A poltroon that would lick the dust for life,  
And court the cuff of knavish insolence.

## THERESA.

And what did Affland do ?



SEBASTIAN.

He is no coward.

THERESA.

I fear he is a traitor to the cause.

SEBASTIAN.

Would'st thou have me be traitor too?

THERESA.

On my life I would not.  
And as I love thee dearer than my life,  
Thou should'st not stain thy honour with a lie,  
By playing a part 'gainst thy inclination.  
I did but mean to warn thee 'gainst Affland.  
He is thy enemy—so mortal, too,  
That he would betray thee to the invaders  
But he would compass thy destruction.  
Ev'n now I fear he has appris'd them;  
For, ere the Council clos'd discussion,  
I saw him leave abruptly from this place.

SEBASTIAN.

Indeed!—Still I must depart.

THERESA.

I fear retraction cannot be.

SEBASTIAN.

Right nobly said, my dearest Theresa—  
I must prepare to leave for Hofer's camp;  
Longer I cannot stay;—farewell.

*(They embrace.)*

THERESA.

And yet I wish thou could'st remain :  
To go, appears destructive ; to stay, ignoble.  
Better, perchance, to die, than live in shame.  
Well, go thou must, though thy death be certain :  
Still 'twill break my heart if thou be foil'd  
By any cruel despite.

SEBASTIAN.

Once more—

*[Motions to go.]*

THERESA.

Wilt thou no longer stay ?  
Where wilt thou light thy promis'd beacon fire ?

SEBASTIAN.

See'st thou yon mountain, whose summit towers,  
Or seems to tower, above the clouds ?

*[Pointing to the window.]*

THERESA.

I do.

SEBASTIAN.

There shall my signal be, to warn ye all,  
Ere midnight, if no impediment occur ;  
And when the herald rays of blithesome morn  
Peer through the casements of the lustrous east,  
Expect my return.

THERESA.

Farewell ;—may Heaven preserve thee.

*[Exit SEBASTIAN.]**(Theresa gazing at the Window as the drop-scene falls.)*

He is no cow

I fear h

We

## ACT THE SECOND.

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### SCENE I.

*Mountain Scenery in the Tyrol. COUNT OSNABERG, a  
Bavarian Commander, and BASIL AFFLAND, descend-  
ing from a hill.*

OSNABERG.

The youth thou spok'st of will be sure  
To pass this way—will he not?

AFFLAND.

Most certainly, on his way to Hofer,  
To gain assistance for the villagers  
Of Landek against your troops.

OSNABERG.

Those villagers, then, support the Austrians?

AFFLAND.

As devotedly as though they owed life  
And being to that Empire and its prince.  
They love the Archduke as a benefactor;

And yet methinks they have no cause for it;  
For since the struggle first began between ye,  
The battle has been theirs, not Austria's,  
And but feeble aid have they received.

OSNABERG.

The pass leading to the village of Landek  
Is that of Finstermüng, is it not?

AFFLAND.

It is.

OSNABERG.

Knowest thou that pass?

AFFLAND (*aside*).

I must be cautious in my answer,  
Lest he require me to conduct his troops.

OSNABERG.

Thou need'st not pause in giving answer;  
Methinks thou should'st not hesitate to show  
The safest route whereby we may advance;  
Unless, indeed, thy conscience fear reproach,  
And thou repentest o' thy intelligence.

AFFLAND.

Why should I thus have volunteer'd my aid,  
And given thee means to frustrate Freilitz,  
Could I be faithless to Bavaria?  
And yet I must not openly declare  
Hostility to the Tyroleans.

OSNABERG.

I comprehend thy meaning, passing well.  
Thou dread'st the vengeance o' thy countrymen  
Should they discern thou hast betray'd their cause.  
Well, I will not be ungrateful to thee  
By any demonstration to them o' thy acts.  
The aid or counsel we obtain in war  
Is not to be despis'd, no matter the motive :  
If thou prove true, and we be successful,  
We'll spare thy lands from devastation,  
And give thee and thy household full protection.

AFFLAND.

Thanks, good Count: rely on my fidelity.  
Preserve, I beseech thee, all knowledge o' this conference.

OSNABERG.

I will, thou may'st be assured—  
But who comes hither ?

AFFLAND.

It is Sebastian—let me retire.

OSNABERG.

We'll both retire till he approach.

*[They retire behind a rock.]*

*(Enter SEBASTIAN.)*

SEBASTIAN.

As yet no interruption hath occur'd,  
In this my rugged and sequester'd passage,

Except the lofty steeps I've clamber'd o'er,  
To gain the heights where Hofer's army rests.  
I've reached this spot, by unfrequented ways,  
With goodly prospect of a safe return.  
Now, on yon hill, I'll light my signal fire—  
To make a good assurance to my friends.

*(A Trumpet sounds in the distance.)*

What means that sound—the mighty clang  
Of warlike music, unfamiliar here?  
Is it the trumpet-mouth of Austria?

*(It sounds again.)*

Ah, no! it is a sound hostile and adverse—  
'Tis fortunate, indeed, I have seen Hofer,

*(The Trumpet sounds again nearer.)*

Again—alas, I'm lost, but Landek's safe,  
Unless the promis'd aid be intercepted.  
Who comes hither?

*(COUNT OSNABERG descending alone from a Rock  
enveloped in a Cloak.)*

OSNABERG.

Who art thou? Speak!

SEBASTIAN.

It would not serve thee much to know my name:  
But if thou'lt reveal thy country, or command,  
I'll answer whether I am friend or foe.

OSNABERG *(unmantling himself)*.

I am Count Osnaberg of Bavaria!

SEBASTIAN.

Thy foe—by all that's marvellous in war!

Right worthy to contend with, man to man.  
Draw—and defend thy great commandership  
Against a Tyrolean peasant's arm.

*(Draws.)*

OSNABERG.

Refrain, rash youth! Lest chastisement  
Should wound thy honour, tho' it spare thy life,  
In mercy to thy unfledg'd prowess.

SEBASTIAN.

Chastisement and death I both defy  
From thee. Draw—without further parley.

OSNABERG.

I will not draw at thy command.

*(Blows a Bugle, at which Bavarian Troops appear.)*

*(To Ryswick, the Captain.)*

Secure that valorous gentleman.

*(To Sebastian.)*

Your sword.

SEBASTIAN.

Never!—while I have life.

*(The Troops are about to advance upon him.)*

Tho' all advance—I'll struggle against odds;  
And, if my life should fall a sacrifice,  
'Twill not add much to what's already done  
By merciless invasion.

OSNABERG.

Hold, comrades ! let him be spared at present !  
Rashness must not be opposed by rashness !  
Death is a minister far too terrible  
Against mere indiscretion.

[To SEBASTIAN.]

Thy life remains, which by the laws of war  
Had erst been forfeited.

SEBASTIAN.

By the laws of God I'm justified ;  
Nor do I know of human law or ordinance  
That should condemn me.

OSNABERG.

Thou might'st be taken for a spy  
Traversing near the precincts of our camp  
At midnight.

SEBASTIAN.

I am no spy ; nor did I seek thy camp.

OSNABERG.

I did not say thou did'st ;  
But such might be imputed as thy act.

SEBASTIAN.

By such perversion justice would be wrong'd,  
And fury plac'd above the force of law :—  
Such law, indeed, as even war concedes,  
To amuse its votaries with mere rules  
For cutting throats and burning habitations.

D



OSNABERG.

What was thy business here ?

SEBASTIAN.

Thou know'st it.

OSNABERG (*aside*).

The youth is somewhat shrewd.  
Why should I know thy purpose or design ?  
Report and seeming truth are oftimes false,  
And vast improbability matures  
To undisputed certainty.

SEBASTIAN.

Would that report had been as false to thee  
As e'er polluted lips could make it ;  
Or thou had'st been incredulous of tales  
Unless derived from undefiled sources ;  
Then had I not been mock'd by accusation  
As false in thought as seeming true in words.  
No doubt thou'st been appris'd of all.  
Foul treachery hath play'd a cruel part,  
And robb'd me of the guerdon of my hopes.

OSNABERG.

Thou hast courted death with inconsiderate haste,  
By quarrel with superior power ;  
And had I not been temper'd by experience,  
To gain my ends 'gainst provocation,  
For that I want thy guidance on my march,  
Thou had'st ere now been levell'd with the dust.

[*To RYSWICK.*]

Ryswick, he is from Landek ;  
Bid him shew thee the pass of Finstermûng.

[*To SEBASTIAN.*]

Put up thy sword, rash Tyrolean ;  
But if in thy conveyance thou prove false,  
We'll soon relieve thee of life's labour.

SEBASTIAN (*aside*).

What shall I do ? Shall I dissemble ?  
Nature revolts 'gainst a horrid practice  
In war too often justified as expedient ;  
But no expediency can justify an act  
Which in itself is morally unjust.

OSNABERG (*To RYSWICK*).

Place him in front—bid him march forward—  
You and the troops following his conduct ;  
But if he lead astray, or seem to do so,  
Or halt, not having thy permission,  
Despatch him without a moment's warning.  
This service I entrust to thee ; look to't,  
As thou shalt answer at thy peril.

RYSWICK.

I'll observe your orders to the letter.

SEBASTIAN.

Merciful commander—how reasonable !  
I may retain my sword, and wound my country.

Thou giv'st me liberty to march to death,  
But wilt not kill 'till ruin be complete :  
When I am steep'd in infamy so deep,  
My sword should do its office on myself  
To stifle pangs of conscience or remorse.  
Thou giv'st me quarter from a sudden death,  
And yet would take three-fourths of life away.  
Thou bid'st me prove traitor to my father land,  
Resign the joy to live with those I love,  
And look upon my country's honest face  
That I may have the privilege of life  
To travel over foreign fields—hear hateful,  
Foreign words—watch foreign looks, suspectingly,  
And dwell an outcast, hateful to myself,  
And doubted by a newly-fashion'd world.

## OSNABERG.

Since chance hath plac'd thee safe within my power,  
I will perforce command thy guidance  
Through the pass of Finstermüng.

## SEBASTIAN.

I'll promise no fidelity to thee,  
If thou'lt constrain me to thy services.  
May Providence decide my destiny—  
Send me deliv'rance from such cruel state,  
Or bid me fall a martyr to the cause  
Of justice, liberty, and patriotism.  
Thy pity I despise, and bid defiance  
To thy power to make me traitor.

OSNABERG.

Enough has passed in futile parleying :  
I'll prove my power 'gainst thy defiance—

*[Makes a signal, and RYSWICK and a soldier suddenly  
seize SEBASTIAN as he is about to draw his sword  
to kill himself.]*

Now, Ryswick, take his sword, and force him on.

SEBASTIAN.

One resource is gone—self-power o'er life ;  
But still thou hast not power o'er my soul.  
Force may subdue the frail corporeal frame ;  
But there's that within which nought can conquer.  
Yes ! thou may'st press me forward,  
But can'st not force me to impart perception.  
My eyes may see, but not for Bavaria ;  
My ears shall not obey Bavaria's orders,  
Nor shall my tongue disclose whate'er I know  
Against my own supreme self-will.

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## SCENE II.

*The Country near Landek. Enter THERESA.*

THERESA.

The curtains of the night are drawing up,  
And infant-fronted morn comes blushing forth,

But no Sebastian. O, Freilitz, Freilitz !  
What inevitable fate detains thee ?  
Alas ! I fear thou hast been discover'd !  
For I know thou'rt true, as day is honest :  
Foul mischief has been playing false with thee.  
Perhaps thou'rt captur'd by the enemy,  
Or liest wounded in some dread recess,  
Sav'd from captivity and torture,  
To die alone, in unfrequented wilds,  
Without a friend to cheer thy fainting heart,  
To give thee comfort in thy parting hour,  
To collect the scatter'd rays of reason,  
And light the lamp of truth within thy soul.  
Perhaps, even now, thou art languishing  
In some loathsome dungeon, void of light !  
Ah, that thought, indeed, presses me to earth !  
Methinks I see thy mangled limbs in torture,  
Racking with cruel pain in ev'ry joint,  
And in thy distress thou call'st Theresa—  
Theresa—the echo thrills my very soul.  
Away this horrid vision—dry up my tears—  
In desperate times we must not dream of fears.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* VOSTNER, RAYMOND, MARTIN, *and* GASPER.

VOSTNER.

Sebastian's enterprise must have fail'd,  
And sad mischance destroy'd a brave endeavour.

RAYMOND.

The promis'd signal certain'y appear'd not.

We watch'd with anxious and incessant gaze  
From night 'till morning.

VOSTNER.

Martin and Gasper, what is your report?

MARTIN.

At the dawn of morning, as wearily  
We stood upon our watch, waiting relief,  
We saw a Tyrolean soldier  
At distance, running with no common haste,  
The bearer of some questionable tidings.  
Seeing that he was making for Landek,  
We called out to him with our loudest voice,  
Saying, "What news?—Speak quickly—is there news?"  
To which he answer'd, "Yes, there's news enough,  
"And ill news, too, if ye will listen to it.  
"I'm one of a detachment sent by Hofer  
"For the relief of Landek in the night:  
"My comrades have been slaughter'd by the foe,  
"But, fortune having favor'd my escape,  
"I've hither run to warn ye all  
"Of the enemy's approach."

RAYMOND.

Question'd you him for explanation?

GASPER.

We did.

VOSTNER.

What said he?

MARTIN.

That as they were quickly marching hither,  
Not doubting security from attack,  
Ere they could approach our village outposts,  
Suddenly a superior force appear'd,  
And without parley charg'd 'em front to front :  
That the onslaught was so fierce and terrible  
As not to give them time to be prepar'd  
To oppose them : anon the Tyrolese,  
Refusing to take quarter from their foes,  
Were slaughter'd in the unequal conflict ;  
And, as they fell, grasping their swords in death,  
They mutter'd that they must have been betray'd  
Into an ambuscade.

RAYMOND.

An ambuscade !—how could that be ?  
Who could betray them on such occasion ?  
There's some strange mystery hangs o'er this tale,  
Dark as the veil of night.

VOSTNER.

Where is this messenger of ill-fated news ?

GASPER.

He straightway return'd to brave Hofer's camp  
To give quick notice of the disaster ;  
Saying he needed not come to Landek,  
As he had forewarn'd us.

VOSTNER.

Alas, what has become of Sebastian !

And Hofer, too, I fear has been surpris'd :  
Else this interruption had not happen'd.

RAYMOND.

Your fears bespeak portentous miseries—  
Let us prepare to expect them realized.  
I will away to learn further tidings  
At the extremity of the pass.

MARTIN.

Gasper and I will accompany thee.

RAYMOND.

Nay: You have performed your duty in the night.  
Rest you awhile, but keep in readiness  
To resume your watch when the time arrives.  
It is not right, in active times like these,  
To wear the willing out.

MARTIN.

Thanks, good Raymond— ever considerate  
To all men, in every turn of fortune.  
We will resume our watch when needful.  
Farewell.

*[Exeunt MARTIN and GASPER.]*

VOSTNER.

Raymond, thy steady zeal transcends itself:  
As first in confidence in the village,  
When danger is most rife and terrible,  
Thou art most worthy to assume command.  
Meanwhile, thou should'st reserve thy energies,



Lest, when the occasion come, thou fail'st  
In strength to back thy resolution.

RAYMOND.

Fear not, Vostner, but I'll be provident.

VOSTNER.

Thou talk'st of weariness in others,  
Whereas thou art unmindful of thyself;  
Though thou hast watch'd for the appoint'd signal  
As well as they: and through the night's most dull  
And anxious hours hast given steady counsel.

RAYMOND.

What else should I have done in times like these?  
Example stimulates the minds of men,  
Which else may lie dormant as fallow fields;  
And the fair blossom of well-grounded hope  
Can never spring and ripen to a harvest.  
We must perform our labours willingly—  
Not as toilsome duties, or ungrateful tasks,  
But with a full and steadfast confidence—  
To justify good expectation.

VOSTNER.

Thy words and actions do so well agree,  
That they seem to put to shame my utterance:  
Thou wantest not my counsel to guide thee.  
Pardon an old man's sincere solicitude  
To preserve thy strength throughout th' occasion.

## RAYMOND.

Rather should I pardon ask of thee,  
In seeming thus to differ from advice  
So well intended, and so sage withal—  
I, a peasant born, and thou a noble :  
Though exil'd from thy native Austria,  
Thou still art faithful to her interest,  
In thy sincere devotion to the Tyrol.  
But, had I rank superior to thy own,  
I never would despise thy well-meant words.  
Methinks the scept'red monarch, proud in pow'r,  
With fleets equipp'd, and armies at command,  
Could he renounce his state, but for a day,  
And all the trammels that surround his throne,  
Would gladly hail the counsel of a friend  
Who'd tell him all he knew of men and things,  
And unveil thoughts unknown to royal minds.

## VOSTNER.

Such worthy monarchs only can be found  
Where wisdom doth constrain despotic sway,  
And law and justice hold conjoint control,  
And faction chokes itself with utterance.  
In that fair island, mistress of the sea,  
Freedom of speech and action is secure,  
Except when noxious demagogues excite  
The people to their own destruction.  
Would they give credence to their cruel taunts,  
And draw the sword of discord 'gainst themselves ?  
But as the time of civil war is past,  
When rival nobles delug'd her with blood,

And made one blushing rose grow sadly pale,  
While the other lost its virgin whiteness  
By murderous stains—this land of liberty  
Will not contaminate herself again ;  
But reserve the valour of her sons for deeds  
Of noble daring 'gainst her foreign foes :  
While commerce spreads its sails, and gives her stores  
Of wealth produced by industry.

RAYMOND.

That is a land of liberty indeed !  
Secure against oppression from within,  
And from without against aggressive force.  
Would she had lent her aid to us 'gainst France,  
Methinks we might have beaten back Bavaria.

VOSTNER.

She could not give her sons to succour ye ;  
But subsidies of gold she has pour'd forth.  
Ye are beyond the reach of naval help,  
Else had her fleets thunder'd on yon borders,  
And done you double service.

RAYMOND.

I'm not ungrateful for her gen'rous aid,  
And we must trust to Hofer's use of it ;  
But since his succour is cut off from us,  
I must bestir myself for the occasion.  
Who comes hither ?

(*Re-enter MARTIN.*)

VOSTNER.

Speak, thou messenger of good or ill ;  
Why hast thou return'd so soon ?

MARTIN.

I come with good and evil news combined :—  
The foe has pass'd beyond the route to Landek,  
Therefore no present danger threatens us :  
But it is rumour'd that Hofer's captur'd,  
And all his army scatter'd.

RAYMOND.

These are rumours with a cruel tongue,  
Converged to one consolidated tale,—  
Far more discordant than a hundred sounds  
Utter'd from the mouths of growling cannon  
At our village gates.

VOSTNER.

Let us away and court intelligence.

RAYMOND.

We'll hasten to the out-posts with all speed,  
And see if Landek's safe, or the Tyrol  
Be lost to Austria.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Enter GREGORY and MAURICE.*)

MAURICE.

How is Theresa—Vostner's daughter ?

GREGORY.

Marry, she is wasting with grief: so says Lisette.

MAURICE.

The fate of Sebastian Freilitz troubles her, poor lady.

GREGORY.

Poor lady, say I; but for Sebastian—he was no favorite of mine.

MAURICE.

Wherefore has he met thy dislike?

GREGORY.

He was too proud and haughty in his gait; and seem'd to look upon one with a scorn that show'd a conscious superiority.

MAURICE.

But he was good and of fair repute.

GREGORY.

His acts were virtuous, but secret, which I take to be a fault.

MAURICE.

Would'st thou have a man proclaim his goodness by his own mouth?

GREGORY.

That I would. Then we should know it from good

authority, instead of report, which they say is sometimes a liar. Besides, when a man speaks well of himself, it saves other people the trouble of speaking for him; and one is not teased with noisy fame dinging in one's ears. Sebastian has done this, and Sebastian has done that. Marry, it frets one's life out to hear the women speak of him.

MAURICE.

Oh! oh! I see, Gregory, thou hast a dash of envy in thee. Had'st thou been as good a patriot as Sebastian, thou would'st not have shunned the meeting of the villagers, lest thou should'st be appointed to guard a pass, or watch on a mountain top the direction of the enemy: or to speed to Hofer for succour—eh?

GREGORY.

I did not choose to waste my courage in preparatory skirmishes. When the time comes I shall be found bravely defending my country. Till then, 'tis fair that those who boast superior wisdom should risk most danger.

MAURICE.

When the time comes, if ever it should, thou wilt prove thyself an arrant coward.

GREGORY.

Peace, thou maker of horse-shoes. Thou art a soft subject, though a worker in hard metals. Thy words

are only fit for thy own echo, or that of thy forge from a sheep-pen.

MAURICE.

Wherefore a sheep-pen?

GREGORY.

Because, when the sheep-pen's tenanted, the sound would be——

MAURICE.

I see thy meaning; it is too trite for repetition.

GREGORY.

Well, now, I did not think thou would'st guess it, though I knew thy ideas were woolly.

MAURICE.

In sooth thy wit is like a taper, that gives semblance of light but no brightness.

GREGORY.

Had'st thou been smart, thou had'st said it was like thy forge.

MAURICE.

Why like my forge?

GREGORY.

Because it casts sparks, and wounds gentlemen, and even burns blacksmiths.

MAURICE.

Thy attempts at wit will burn thy fingers. Thou art the plague of the whole village. Thou art too learned for me; since thy father sent thee to Milan, thou hast become so acute, that, if thy needle be as sharp pointed, thou wilt be fitter to stitch muslin than thy father's cloth. Thou art become a Milaner.

GREGORY.

Friend Maurice, that's the first original thought I've heard from thee: for the word milliner, a haberdasher of small wares, is said to be derived from Milaner, an inhabitant of Milan, from which place people of that profession first came.

MAURICE.

Milan has made thee fit only for soft materials.

GREGORY.

Thy remark is hard-favor'd—as hard as thy head, which cannot be impress'd with wisdom—and as thy heart, which is without humanity. Thou art one of the village idlers, that keep blue Monday, and invent conceits in their cups, when they drown their reason. Thou art heavy handed withal, and knowest not the difference 'twixt that delicate raillery which makes sport and the blunt coarseness which some folks call sarcasm, but which I denounce as insolence—intolerable insolence!

MAURICE.

What dost thou mean by blue Monday? I've heard talk of *black* Monday.



GREGORY.

Now thou prov'st thy rustic ignorance : thou should'st travel, or read, to get information. Know, then, that the custom of celebrating blue Monday is ancient. I have read, somewhere, that, in the sixteenth century, it was the custom in Germany to ornament the churches on fast days with blue ; and, at that period, the tradesmen began to keep fasts by neglecting their work. For want of employment the common people indulged in drinking, and it soon became a common proverb—*Heute blauer Fraffmontag*—"To day is feasting Monday ;" and the custom soon extended itself to every Monday in the year.

MAURICE.

If I have rustic ignorance, I'm not like thee, spoilt by foreign manners, and made too idle to work.

GREGORY.

I tell thee, Maurice, that my father sent me to Milan to get knowledge, and not to learn to work. I take it most unkind, when I have given my information and instruction to my countrymen, and condescended to live again with rude and uncultivated men, that I am not treated with respect.

MAURICE.

Respect ! (*laughing*) Ha, ha, ha ! Respect, indeed ! Thy wit's of a light sort ; it soon goes off when thy temper's touched, and then——

GREGORY.

What then ?

MAURICE.

Thou art like an almanack, which shews red letters for the fast days thou hast been speaking of; and the sum of thy learning is little more than knowing the day of the month, and when the moon changes. Thou set thyself up for a wit—thou talk of blacksmiths and sheep-pens! I tell thee, Gregory, that wit is a physic too strong for thee: it revives blacksmiths, but kills thy craft.

GREGORY.

I will not hear thy insolence: thy remarks are hard and ruffian-like.

MAURICE.

This is ever the way: those who make jest of others cannot bear requital. A coiner will not take counterfeit, but must have current value. But we will not quarrel, Gregory; since we are safe from fighting with the foe, we will not draw upon each other. Give me thy hand, and let us be friends.

GREGORY.

Well, well; with all my heart.

*(They shake hands.)*

But thou should'st not have been so hard with me.

MAURICE.

Let's go and hear if it be true that England hath sent a large amount—a good round sum—in florins, for the relief of the Tyrol.

GREGORY.

That we will. It's glorious news. Come along,  
Maurice; come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Another Mountain Scene. SEBASTIAN, COUNT OSNABERG  
RYSWICK, and Bavarian Soldiers.*

OSNABERG.

Caitiff! thou hast basely deceived us.  
These four hours past have we been wandering,  
And are not nearer Landek than at first:—  
Now that the mask of night is wearing off,  
And morning brightens o'er the distant hills,  
There is no chance that we surprise the village.  
Speak, villain! What meanest thou?

SEBASTIAN.

Could'st thou expect, proud Count,  
That I, a mountain youth, could e'er betray  
My father-land?—that these sequester'd wilds  
Should e'er have cause to sigh reproach on me?—  
That my brave, confiding countrymen  
Should pollute their lips, and stain my name  
With the false, hateful, epithet of traitor?  
Dear village, bosom'd 'mid the clust'ring hills,  
Thy native beauty pictures on my mind—

Thy sweetness seems refreshing to my soul.  
Rather than betray thee I would perish ;  
Yea, I would die a thousand deaths, or more,  
Endure the damning tortures of the rack—  
The death-sweat of the Procrustean bed,  
And all the ills that man hath e'er inflicted,  
In his device of cruelty refin'd,  
To prolong misery without relief,  
And demonstrate a barbarous nature.

OSNABERG.

Then thou dost confess betrayal ?

SEBASTIAN.

I ne'er profess'd fidelity to thee ;  
But I have not been traitor to thy troops,  
Nor did I march before as guide to them  
But by compulsion. I've promis'd nothing,  
Nothing have perform'd to Bavaria,  
And nothing will perform to serve its cause.

OSNABERG.

Base wretch ! this is the recompense thou givest  
For thy life, which I have spared.

SEBASTIAN.

And for that smallest particle of good,—  
Which reigns predominant in cruel souls  
At times when interest dictates mercy,—  
I'll make thee good return.

OSNABERG.

What return ?

SEBASTIAN.

Advise thee to retreat without delay,  
Lest my countrymen discover ye.

OSNABERG.

Darest thou insult Bavarian arms  
By threats or warnings?

SEBASTIAN.

I dare do all that's honorable ;  
But will not bear the semblance of your guide,  
Nor march one step further.

OSNABERG.

Villain ! then thou shalt have thy just reward.  
Ryswick, dispatch him.

(*RYSWICK runs SEBASTIAN through the side, and he falls.*)

SEBASTIAN.

I'm wounded, but not kill'd.

(*Ryswick is about to strike another blow.*)

OSNABERG.

Hold, Ryswick ; harm him no further.

## ACT THE THIRD.

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### SCENE I.

*The Bavarian Camp near Innsbruck, RYSWICK and Soldiers standing near the Watch Fires at Night.*

RYSWICK.

Well, comrades, the war is over ;  
And to-morrow we march to Innsbruck,  
And thence to Munich.

FIRST SOLDIER.

The end is come upon us suddenly.

SECOND SOLDIER.

So much the better ; for I do not like this mountain warfare.

RYSWICK.

It was, indeed, a dangerous service. The valour of those mountaineers surpasses any in my experience. I wonder what became of that poor youth I wounded last night ! He was a brave youth, and I am sorry I did him harm.

FIRST SOLDIER.

You acted under orders of Count Osnaberg.

RYSWICK.

True : but he was sorry afterwards he had given them. Such ever is his generous temper : hasty and rash, but soon he's cool ; and then repents himself of his severity. But here comes the youth.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

SEBASTIAN.

Soldiers, I'm faint with loss of blood—  
Give me water.

RYSWICK (*To one of the Soldiers*).

Go get him water. Our general will soon be here,  
when he will give us orders what to do with him.

(*A Soldier gives SEBASTIAN water.*)

*Enter OSNABERG.*

OSNABERG.

What, Freilitz ! how did'st thou wander hither ?  
Our treatment of thee did not warrant it.

SEBASTIAN.

Though you are mine and my country's enemies,  
Still you are soldiers !  
'Tis true you wreak'd on me your vengeance,  
But Heaven hath granted mercy to me ;  
And I, having lain, after my wound,  
Almost insensible during the night,

Became, on the approach of morn, too conscious :  
And, with my consciousness, there came  
A burning thirst, worse than my other pains.  
Methought I heard the gurgling sound of water,  
More pleasant than the softest music.  
And following the sound, I hither came,  
And, lo ! I saw your troops.

OSNABERG.

Since thou hast 'scap'd death by the wound I order'd,  
Thou shalt be spar'd from further harm.

(To RYSWICK.)

Ryswick, take him to the surgeons.  
Let his wounds be dress'd, and cheer him up ;  
Give him all present aid and sustenance ;  
On our return we'll lodge him at Munich,  
And pay him all due attention.  
The wounded cease to be our enemies.

SEBASTIAN.

Most noble Count ! my thanks must be reserv'd  
'Till nature give me greater power to speak :  
My anguish now precludes my full expression.

OSNABERG.

Forbear to waste thy strength by speech.  
At Munich I will visit thee,  
When we will discourse more freely.  
'Till then, farewell, brave youth.

[Exit OSNABERG.]

(RYSWICK carries SEBASTIAN to the Camp.)

[Exeunt.]



## SCENE II.

*A Scene with VOSTNER'S Cottage in the distance.*

*THERESA and AFFLAND conversing.*

THERESA.

Why wilt thou weary me with vain remarks ?  
My summer prospect's blighted past all hope ;  
And all the freshness and the bloom of youth  
Are fading fast away.

AFFLAND.

Thou dost a grievous wrong to nature,  
In thus condemning her best minister.  
Beauty in grief is far enhanced in worth,  
As then it interests the manly heart  
Far more than when deck'd out in blandishments  
That show a costly lustre to the gaze,  
But pall upon the inward sense.

THERESA.

Hold—vile, contemptuous flatterer !  
Dost think that I, Theresa Vostner,  
Will bend to low submission at thy feet,  
Because I'm overcast with gloomy care ?  
There is a latent pride in adverse times  
More nobly cherish'd than when fortune smiles,  
Though not conventional with the fashion  
Of this world for profitable suffrance.  
The pallid wanderer from door to door,  
That begs for sustenance, is not subdu'd

Till virtue be extinct ; and affluence  
Should blush before the gaze of modest worth,  
And merit unrequited.  
But 'tis not so, it seems, in modern times :  
For I have seen the bravest spirits crush'd  
By cold neglect ; while wealth and insolence  
Have triumph'd o'er their spectred forms.

AFFLAND.

Thou ever keep'st me thus in check,  
By sentiments more fit for ripen'd age  
Than for thy tender inexperienced years :  
Thou talk'st as though I were thy enemy.  
What if I have wealth—I am not heartless !  
Oh, I can feel a glow of others' joy,  
And shed a tear of sorrow for their woe.

THERESA.

Art thou not Sebastian's enemy ?  
Hast thou not circumvented all his plans,  
And cast a mildew on his fresh'ning hopes,  
By base betrayal of his enterprise ?

AFFLAND.

Thou art unjust in thy suspicion.  
I own I would be rival in thy heart,  
But by no means unworthy to that end  
Would I destroy his efforts for the state.  
'Tis true I thought them rash—even futile—  
And, therefore, disapprov'd them when proposed.  
Th' event hath prov'd my judgment not unsound.

THERESA.

Could I but think that my suspicions

Were unjust, they should be soon retracted.  
I would not wrong my soul, nor thine, in thought  
Of treachery so vile.

AFFLAND.

Would to Heaven thou did'st know my very heart !

THERESA.

I've heard of men who take delight  
In seeming worse, by speech and action,  
Than their true character of mind would show,  
Could they give nature freer scope to act ;  
These are the worst of earthly hypocrites,  
Whose self-denial of all actual good  
Shews forth a base example to the world,  
And gains a morbid imitating crowd  
Of scoffing fools, that mock philosophy,  
Religion, and the philanthropic acts of man  
To benefit his race.  
If thou be one of these, can'st thou complain  
That I, unpractis'd in dissimulative arts,  
Believe thee what thou seem'st ?

AFFLAND.

What do I seem, fair lady ?

THERESA.

*A traitor !*

One that would sell his country at a price,  
And mart his reputation for base gold ;  
A man of low ambition, seeking power  
By means unworthy.

AFFLAND.

I do protest against thy accusation.

(*Aside.*)

[She has been tutored by her father to some purpose ;  
but I must dissemble my fell rage 'till the end be  
answer'd.]

Well now, good lady, what if I prove  
Myself Sebastian's friend, and thine ?  
Thou hast not heard his fate ?

THERESA.

How should I know what yet is unreveal'd ?  
But oh, there shadow forth, in gloom and silence,  
Events more fatal than the worst when known !

AFFLAND.

Quiet thy apprehensions, 'till the truth  
Shine through the misty vapours of the mind,  
And light thy soul with its effulgent joy.  
Now that the war is o'er I'll know Sebastian's fate—  
Perambulate the mountains round about,  
Thread ev'ry pass, visit ev'ry town,  
Village, and hamlet, from Landek to Innsbruck,  
And thence to Munich, to discover him.

THERESA.

Would'st thou do that, thou would'st be friend indeed ;  
And I would hold suspicion light as air,  
Scorn my own heart, that did believe thee false,  
Mock all the wisdom of an ill-taught school,  
And—but that rev'rence for my aged sire  
Doth claim respect and filial duty—  
I would renounce all the world's sagest doubts,

And bend myself in gratitude to thee,  
As to a deliverer from sorrow :  
But oh ! what recompense could I, a poor,  
Weak, grief-worn maiden, give to thee ?

AFFLAND.

'Tis enough that thou wilt deign acceptance  
Of this proffer'd service.

THERESA.

So disinterested, and yet so kind ;  
How could I have done thee so much wrong  
To harbour evil thoughts of thee ?

AFFLAND (*aside*).

This is the mood will serve my purpose.  
Hast thou, Theresa, heard of Hofer's death ?

THERESA.

All news hath been conceal'd from me,  
Save that the war hath had a fatal end.  
Hofer was the friend of poor Sebastian.  
Relate the manner of his death.

AFFLAND.

Alas ! he was betray'd and captur'd,  
And taken forthwith to Mantua,  
Where, a court-martial being held,  
A telegraph from Milan soon appear'd,  
Ordering his speedy execution.

THERESA.

Oh, horrible cruelty !  
What right had France to take his life ?

## AFFLAND.

When the sentence was conveyed to Hofer,  
His wonted firmness did not desert him;  
He received the intelligence like a man;  
And, with a calm and steady mind, desired  
To be allow'd attendance of a priest,  
To minister to him in his last moments.  
As he pass'd forward to the place of death,  
Some Tyrolean pris'ners, by the road side,  
Fell on their knees and implor'd his blessing:  
And at the fatal place of sacrifice,  
He cast, with indignation, from him  
The handkerchief propos'd to bind his eyes,  
And peremptorily refus'd to bend his knee—  
Saying he was us'd to stand upright  
Before his Omnipotent Creator,  
And in that posture would deliver up  
His spirit to him.  
A volley of musketry soon completed  
This foul, atrocious murder.

## THERESA.

Alas! alas! such ev'n may be the fate  
Of dear Sebastian.

## AFFLAND.

Such may, indeed.  
But suffer not despair to displace hope:  
What if he were captive in Bavaria!  
Could'st thou brook his silence undeserv'd,  
Or it may be a cold neglect of thee?  
There are damsels fair enough in Munich  
To cure a lover's latent thoughts of home.

THERESA.

Could he return if he would ?

AFFLAND.

No doubt he could return :—the war is o'er,  
Wherefore should he not or send intelligence ?

THERESA.

Oh, torture me no further :—  
In mercy do not press my sorrowing heart  
With horrible conjectures, worse than death ;  
Thou giv'st a distant gleam of hopeful joy,  
But e'er the picture's stamp'd upon my mind,  
There cometh forth a train of cruel thoughts,  
Distracting e'en to madness.

AFFLAND.

Be compos'd—I'll trouble thee no further ;  
But will away, and promptly execute  
My promis'd mission :  
And truth shall shine translucently as day  
Though hid in mystery's darkest cave.  
Farewell, Theresa, when next you see me,  
You'll have no further cause for doubt.

[Exit AFFLAND.]

THERESA.

Farewell : and if thy heart be true indeed,  
Then shall I know what long hath been conceal'd,  
And yet, when known, alas, too soon reveal'd.

[Exit THERESA.]

## SCENE III.

*A Room at Munich.*SEBASTIAN FREILITZ *and* FATHER STEPHEN.

STEPHEN.

Son, thy wound had almost caus'd thy death.  
Oh, may the fostering care of Heaven  
Protect thee from a like calamity,  
And imbue thy soul with peaceful thoughts  
That may protect thee from unholy strife.

SEBASTIAN.

Thanks, holy sir, for thy kind attendance ;  
Thy ministry has taught me to endure  
This cruel suffering—else had I sunk  
Past the cure of surgeons.

STEPHEN.

The surgical attendant doth pronounce  
Thy wound not mortal, tho' dangerous ;  
And with a little rest all will be well.  
The fever which was preying on thy frame  
And drinking up the youthful stream of life,  
Hath now subsided into a languor  
That strengthens hope of thy recovery.

SEBASTIAN.

Hast thou, good Father, perform'd thy promise,  
By writing to Lewis Vostner, my friend,  
The account of my disaster ?



STEPHEN.

I never promise without performance :  
He's a cruel friend who gives delusive hope,  
And disappoints the expectation.

SEBASTIAN.

Hast thou sent the letter ?

STEPHEN.

No : here it is—I'll send it forth to-night :  
Perhaps I'll be the messenger myself.

SEBASTIAN.

Oh, wilt thou, dear Father, visit Landek ?  
Wilt thou endear thy office by that act,  
And clear my fame from foul suspicion,  
To my dear countrymen and friends ?  
Take gladd'ning tidings to their troubled hearts  
That their Sebastian has been faithful,  
And yet lives uninjured in his honor,  
Tho' his life be still in danger ?

STEPHEN.

If I do find a trusty messenger  
I may not undertake myself the journey ;  
For there are sacred duties to perform  
Requiring my attendance here in Munich.

SEBASTIAN.

I would not task thy goodness out of note :  
Wilt thou engage a faithful messenger ?

STEPHEN.

I will : or go myself.

SCENE II.

Which with honest  
To the Father  
Accompany

Son, from the Father  
By my Father  
Else with the Father

Part of the Father  
The Father  
To the Father  
The Father  
And the Father  
What the Father

They with the Father  
The Father  
And the Father  
Dispelling

Farwell—  
Thou must

Oh, my  
Like a  
And  
Metaphor

Glance o'er the pages, with intense delight,  
To find me faithful, tho' unfortunate.  
Vostner stands by—with grave and earnest aspect—  
Listening with mute attention to the tale,  
Repressing emotion while th' other reads.  
He seems a statue of majestic mien  
Enlighten'd by a rare intelligence.  
Martin and Gasper, with eager gesture,  
Eyeing with half suspicious countenance  
The weary and almost breathless stranger,  
Complete the anxious clustering group.  
Suspense and quietude encircle all ;  
When suddenly, as rashest hurricane,  
With loud acclaim, and notes of shrillest anguish,  
Or like the rustling willow in the wind,  
Comes forth Theresa, clad in whitest robes,  
Her eyes of brightest azure now lit up  
Into expression almost supernatural.  
Rapidly she surveys the assembly,  
Reads for herself both letters in amazement,  
And hastily withdraws to vent in private  
Her struggling ecstacies in tears.  
Such is the scene imagination pictures,  
Until it seems a bold reality.

(*Enter* COUNT OSNABERG.)

OSNABERG.

What, my pugnacious friend !  
Is thy health not yet restored ?

SEBASTIAN.

Thanks, gallant Count Osnaberg,  
I feel my spirits backing up the skill

Which thy good nature hath provided.  
A little while since I was faint and weary ;  
But now methinks life's blood doth gallop  
Thro' my veins with joyful animation,  
And rosy health doth seem to light my cheeks,  
As when I bounded o'er my native hills,  
And sniff'd the blithesome breeze of greyest morn.

OSNABERG.

Thou wast an early riser then, Sebastian ?

SEBASTIAN.

I rose betimes, as well from choice as custom :  
We mountaineers despise the dronish sloth  
Of soft indulgence in protracted sleep  
Beyond the claims of wearied nature ;  
We want no herald voice to wake our ears,  
Nor do our eyes gaze with cold reluctance  
Upon the blushing face of dawning day ;  
Our village smoke ascends before the lark,  
And every man whose frame is not subdued  
By age or accident, is abroad  
To attend his various duties,  
Or to perform exploits toilsome and advent'rous ;  
To hunt the chamois on the craggy cliffs,  
Or scare the eagles on the topmost heights,  
Their eyrie habitation.

OSNABERG.

'Tis by such wild and daring sport you learn  
The use of your favorite rifles.

SEBASTIAN.

We seldom miss the object of our aim ;  
But on the steep and rugged eminences

Encounter peril of no common kind—  
When, in attempting our descent, encumber'd  
With our prey, we risk the chance of stumbling.

OSNABERG.

Wilt thou renounce such rustic sport,  
Conferring neither honor nor reward,  
And join the service of Bavaria ?  
I'll make thee captain on the instant.

SEBASTIAN.

My resolution's not so lightly taken  
That it can alter like the fleeting wind,  
And change with every turn of fortune.  
I never can forget my duty  
To my country.

OSNABERG.

Then you decline my offer ?

SEBASTIAN.

Rather than I'd serve Bavaria  
My life should pay its forfeit to your state,  
If by the laws of war you could enforce  
A Tyrolean to desert his father-land,  
Or take such dire alternative.

OSNABERG.

I seek not to impose  
Aught that could savor of coercion :  
But as by the issue o' the war  
The Tyrol's now a province of Bavaria,  
Compliance could have been no sacrifice  
Of duty, love, or principle in thee.

SEBASTIAN.

Of that, most noble Count, let me be judge.  
Your conquest (if such, indeed, it can be call'd)  
Was gain'd, in league with France and Saxony,  
Against our ancient rights and liberties.  
What wonder, if we should regain our power,  
Ev'n without the aid of Austrian force?  
And since the feebleness of her support  
Betray'd indifference in the contest,  
We may not owe to her allegiance!  
Could I, in such a posture of affairs,  
Maintain obedience to Bavaria?  
Oh, no!—my heart would swell with joy  
To see my country independent!

OSNABERG.

I see 'tis useless further to entreat thee.  
His services are of little value  
Whose heart is not enlisted in the cause.  
There is no dealing with you mountaineers.  
The war being ended, thou may'st return,  
Soon as thy strength will serve thee.

SEBASTIAN.

Thanks, good Count Osnaberg, for such permission;  
I've strength enough to journey far as Innsbruck,  
Where I've friends with whom to rest awhile.

OSNABERG.

God speed thee on thy way.  
Here are fifty florins for thy travel.  
Farewell, we ne'er may meet again.

*[Exit Osnaberg.]*

SEBASTIAN.

Farewell, most noble, gallant Count !  
What pity 'tis the deadly strife of war  
Should make man hate his friend and brother !  
For the same kindred spirit dwells in all,  
And only wants the cultivated mind  
To raise the seeds of justice, truth, and love,  
Into a righteous harvest of good works !  
Why should nation lift its hand 'gainst nation  
More than man 'gainst man ?  
A knave's ambition dictates lawless force,  
And fools obey, not knowing what they do,  
And call aggressive conquest glory !  
The time will come when nations will esteem  
Victories stain'd with patriots' blood,  
And wash'd with widows' and with orphans' tears,  
As hateful relics of a barb'rous age,  
And wish 'em blotted out of history's scroll—  
Did they not serve as lessons to mankind  
Against such false, pernicious impulses !

[Exit.]

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SCENE IV.*A Mountain Pass between Innsbruck and Landek.**Enter* BASIL AFFLAND.

AFFLAND.

Sebastian has recover'd from his wounds,  
Such is the report I have received

From Munich. He will, no doubt, repair  
To Landek or Innsbruck. How shall I prevent it?  
I'll haste to Munich, and try my int'rest  
With Count Osnaberg to detain him!  
What shall be my ground for his restraint?  
Danger, 'till tranquillity be more settled,  
Lest he might cause, by his great influence,  
Revolt among the Tyroleans.  
Should Sebastian arrive at Landek  
My plot against him will be discover'd.  
Theresa suspects it even now,  
And, if they meet, she will impart to him  
Her apprehensions of my treachery;  
Whilst he will disclose to her his seizure  
By the Bavarian troops.  
What pity 'twas Count Osnaberg was merciful!  
Else had Sebastian fall'n sacrifice  
To his devotion to the Austrian cause;  
For well I knew he never would be guide  
To the Bavarian forces thro' the pass.  
I am resolv'd to speed to Munich.  
But who comes hither?

*Enter* FATHER STEPHEN.

STEPHEN.

Can'st thou, young man, make known to me  
The pass that leads to Landek?

AFFLAND.

I can, good Father.  
But whom want you at Landek?



STEPHEN.

I have letters to one Lewis Vostner.  
Knowest thou him?

AFFLAND.

I know him well: he is a worthy man.  
I am from Landek, and his friend.  
From whom are your despatches?

STEPHEN.

From one Sebastian Freilitz, his friend,  
Now at Munich.

AFFLAND.

Poor youth—is he well?

STEPHEN.

Well—sayest thou? Why, he has been wounded!  
Hast thou not heard of that calamity?

AFFLAND.

How should I, reverend Father?  
His fate has been a gloomy mystery  
To us, his friends, at Landek;  
And it has concern'd us much to know it,  
For he was lov'd in our village to excess.

STEPHEN.

Say'st thou so? Then I'm right glad to meet thee.

AFFLAND.

May I relieve your reverence from a journey  
So long and perilous as hence to Landek?  
Night approaches, and the pass is dangerous,  
And at your years should not be attempted,

Since you are unacquainted with the route.  
I'll give the papers into Vostner's hands.

STEPHEN (*aside*).

He is fair spoken, and seems kind withal :  
Methinks he may be trusted.

AFFLAND.

I do not wish to press my services,  
If that your reverence doubt performance,  
Or hath especial motive for the task :  
For task it is, ev'n for vigorous limbs,  
To travel thro' the pass of Finstermüng  
In clouded night.

(*Aside.*)

If he do now refuse, he shall not reach it.

STEPHEN.

What is thy name ? Sebastian may ask  
To whose kindness we're indebted.

AFFLAND (*aside*).

What shall I answer ?

I have it——

My name is Raymond Landsberg.

STEPHEN.

I have often heard Sebastian speak of thee  
As his friend, worthy and creditable.  
Well, my son, I'll venture, then, to trust thee !  
But mind, the packet is a special charge,  
And must be given into Vostner's hands.

AFFLAND.

Performance, quick and faithful,  
Shall follow your instructions.

STEPHEN.

Thanks, worthy young man ;  
And much it doth delight me, too,  
To see the young considerate of the old.  
There is the packet.

*(Gives it to him.)*

Now farewell, son ; I'll return to Innsbruck,  
Thence, on the morrow, to Munich.

AFFLAND.

That will be prudent ;  
We should not trifle with old age,  
When declining strength brings on  
Infirmities enough, without exertion.  
'Tis then the province of the mind  
To dictate wisdom, not to toil.  
Such is your reverend office.

STEPHEN.

'Thy remark is wise :  
Now, then, my mind is quite compos'd.  
I forgot to tell thee, Raymond Landsberg,  
That there's a letter for Theresa  
In the packet.

AFFLAND.

I will give it to her.

STEPHEN.

Farewell, Raymond Landsberg.

*[Exit.]*

AFFLAND.

Farewell, holy Father !  
Now, by my soul, methinks my vessel sails

Trimly and prosperously before the wind,  
And this same priest hath sav'd me half my voyage.  
Now let me read these letters—

*(Reads to himself the Letter to VOSTNER.)*

This letter is for Lewis Vostner,  
It contains a long and ample explanation,  
Therefore it must be suppressed:  
I'll put it away for careful perusal,  
But not for delivery to Vostner.  
Now for the other letter—

*(Reads.)*

“I have been induced to become guide to the enemy's  
forces.”

Address'd to Theresa, too—  
'Tis just brief enough to show his treachery  
Without his vindication—  
This to Theresa will speak daggers.  
It may not reconcile her to myself,  
But it will make Sebastian villain—  
Or seeming so—and then I am reveng'd!  
Vostner, Raymond, and the villagers,  
Will think his perfidy conclusive,  
And talk of 'vengeful retribution—  
Then shall I be thanked for undeceiving them.  
So much for their Sebastian Freilitz—  
Their idol—the glory of their village!  
No more shall he be held in high esteem,  
And I be look'd upon with cruel scorn;  
But he will seem deceitful and untrue,  
And I prov'd loyal, tho' suspected false.

*[Exit.]*

## ACT THE FOURTH.

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### SCENE I.

*A Room in Landek. Enter THERESA.*

THERESA.

O Sebastian! what cruel fate forbids  
Intelligence of aught concerning *thee*,  
When all disasters else are now disclos'd?  
Why should impenetrable darkness veil  
Thy noble fame, or hapless destiny.  
Thou wert foremost in all noble deeds,  
And did'st deserve a memorable name!  
Thou never wert unkind, or negligent!  
Unfaithful—impossible! Dead thou must be!  
And in thy death my treasure's past away,  
And all my recompense for life.  
Remov'd beyond the grasp of cherishment,  
Thou wert a flower, unsheath'd and blossoming  
In the spring; and art cut down and wither'd,  
Just as thy rip'ning summer promis'd fullness.  
But ere the grass can freshen o'er thy grave,

Thy own Theresa will have ceas'd to live.  
Oh! what is life, with wasting sadness,  
But a puny taper flickering to its end.  
Or a mere bubble on the flowing stream?  
Since, then, all hope, or wish for life is past,  
I'll seek the priestly aid of Father Philip,  
To prepare me for the eventful change.

[*Exit.*

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SCENE II.

*Another Room in Landek. Enter FATHER PHILIP.*

PHILIP.

Now that our homes are once more bless'd with peace,  
My ministry may give useful consolation  
To those bereav'd of friends in cruel war.  
Religion and affliction are united,  
And the proud man, who in prosperity  
Despis'd the thought of an eternal life,  
Clings to a better hope when adverse times  
Cloud o'er his worldly prospects.  
The sail that's fill'd with an auspicious breeze  
May waft us forward to a blessed haven;  
But if the gale become too violent,  
We must betimes draw in our swelling canvas,  
Lest we make head too fast in our conceit,  
And lose the pilotage of blessed truth.

(*A knocking at the door*)

But who comes hither at this early hour?

[*Opens the door.*

*Enter THERESA.*

PHILIP.

Welcome, daughter in affliction ; welcome !

THERESA.

Thou know'st the cankering sorrow of my heart.

PHILIP.

I know it all ; and much it doth concern me :  
Be of good cheer, my daughter—all may be well.  
Now that the Bavarian arms have conquer'd  
There's hope Sebastian will return.

THERESA.

Alas ! I fear he has fall'n by hands  
More direful than the open foe's ;  
And we no more shall look upon his face.

PHILIP.

Nay, nay ; think not of Providence so hardly ;  
To despair is but to question His decrees.  
What fittest seem'd to Him hath happen'd,  
And ev'ry ill has had an attendant good,  
To soothe our pain in ev'ry circumstance.  
Without hope there can be no prosperity ;  
And what to us is cruel mystery,  
Doubtful, or adverse in its seeming,  
May be the brightest page in all life's volume.  
Bear up a little while, Theresa,  
Else may distrust provoke eternal wrath.

THERESA.

O, father ! pardon a maiden's weakness.  
The consolation of thy words enriches

My poor heart, which else had fainted  
For lack of pious sustenance.  
I'll strive against this ill-condition'd grief,  
To fit me for the armament of truth,  
When it shall appear before me.

PHILIP.

Not all thy striving will of itself suffice,  
Without superior power invok'd,  
To aid thee in thy resolution :  
But that once given to thy soul,  
The vital and immortal principle of life  
Will raise thee far above the reach of sorrow ;  
And every fitful circumstance of ill  
Will seem a means of goodly preparation.

*(A knocking at the door.)*

Some other visitor,—  
Wait, daughter, till I ope the door.

*[Opens the door.]*

*Enter BASIL AFFLAND.*

*(THERESA starts.)*

PHILIP.

What imports this visit, Basil Affland ?  
Thy looks portend an ill-repressed joy,—  
If I do read thy countenance aright !

AFFLAND.

I'm sorry, sir, to undeceive your judgment :  
And it grieves me much to bear intelligence,  
Rueful and sad to all the friends  
Of Sebastian.

*[Fixing his eyes on THERESA.]*



THERESA.

Sebastian! Is he dead?  
What cruel hand hath robb'd the world  
Of such a valued life?

PHILIP.

Peace, daughter, and hear his message.

*[A long pause.]*

AFFLAND.

Methinks the lady's love transcends discretion.  
His life is safe ; but for his honor—

THERESA.

His honour is unspotted as the snow,  
Which lies upon the unsullied mountain tops,  
Or in the bosom of some valley sleeps,  
Secure from all pollution.

AFFLAND.

He was too wise to risk his precious life  
To serve his country or his native village ;  
He lives, indeed, in honor, as 'tis call'd,  
When worldly rank stares virtue out of count'nance.

THERESA.

What means the slanderer?

AFFLAND.

I'm no slanderer, madam :—you sicken  
Before the appointed time for blushing :  
And thus the lily on your cheeks doth chase  
The rosy tints of native health away—  
By mere anticipation of disgrace.

PHILIP.

O torture not pure innocence of mind  
By such conceits.  
Speak out thy meaning like a man,  
And make no mystery of truth.

AFFLAND.

Then to be plain as truth itself is clear,  
Sebastian has obtain'd promotion  
In the service of Bavaria.  
He has become guide to her troops.

THERESA.

And doth thy recreant, cunning, soul  
Hug the belief that such a miserable tale  
Can e'er impose upon the villagers?  
Sebastian sell his country or himself,  
For foreign rank or foreign patronage!  
He woo the dust which even thou despisest!  
Sebastian guide to the enemy!  
He promoted in its service!  
Shame on thy slanderous envenom'd tongue,  
To wrong a gentleman of so fair a fame!

AFFLAND.

Since it is useless to impress belief  
On minds forecharg'd with prejudice,  
I will not further strain your present courtesy:  
But in proper time I will avouch  
The truth of what I have declar'd.  
'Till then call me slanderer, or what else  
May please your meek and gentle nature.

PHILIP.

(To THERESA.)

The tale is strange, and from his confidence  
In uttering it, bears a resemblance  
Of the truth. Let us not trust too much  
To character ; nor give too ready credence  
To report against it.

THERESA.

'Tis Affland's malice hath invented all :  
Or, by distortion of the real facts,  
Hath chang'd the face of beauteous truth  
To features sinister and hideous.

PHILIP.

Let's wait for evidence ere we conclude.

THERESA.

Evidence ! what evidence can prove  
Sebastian traitor to his country's cause ?  
Would that belief of Affland's story,  
That Sebastian's life's not sacrificed,  
Were as firmly fix'd within my mind,  
As my conviction that the rest is false !  
Then would my throbbing heart have peaceful rest,  
To which it has of late been stranger.

PHILIP.

Thy faith seems equal to thy love ;  
May Heaven preserve it from all cause  
For change.

AFFLAND.

Father Philip, a word with you.

PHILIP.

I'll attend thee.

*(They converse in private.)*

AFFLAND.

I will not shock Theresa's troubled soul  
Till she be more prepar'd to hear me :  
Wilt thou walk with me to Raymond Landsberg's,  
That I may disclose to him, in thy presence,  
The written evidence of perfidy  
I hold against Sebastian ?

PHILIP.

Compose thy mind, Theresa, for this tale,  
And follow us to Raymond Landsberg's house,  
When thou can'st bear the sad relation.  
Now, Affland, I'll accompany thee.

*[Exeunt AFFLAND and FATHER PHILIP.]*

THERESA.

What horrid plot doth Affland now contrive  
To steal upon the senses of the just,  
Whose unsuspecting natures are deceived  
By his false show of seeming candour ?  
His heart's a dark receptacle of guilt,  
Stor'd with expedients to suit th' occasion—  
To damn the worthy acts of righteous men,  
And stop the current of their gen'rous course.  
What means this vile, dissembling, cruel, man,  
By written proof against Sebastian ?  
Can Raymond Landsberg be so credulous  
As to give ear to such vile slander ?  
He is a man potent in discernment,  
Made shrew'd by eventful circumstances,

Not by a natural cunning in the mind,  
Too oft miscalled worldly wisdom.  
Can the Tyrolese be made to think  
That their Sebastian is perfidious,  
And lives in infamy in another land ?  
But if they all believe him black as night,  
Theresa will maintain him bright as day,  
And singly will uphold his right to fame,  
Though all the world should wrong his reputation.  
Now, then, my soul is nerv'd to hear this theme,  
And to confront its author before Landsberg.

[*Exit.*]

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SCENE III.

*A Room in RAYMOND LANDSBERG's House at Landek.*

(*Enter RAYMOND, FATHER PHILIP, and AFFLAND.*)

RAYMOND (*addressing AFFLAND*).

How cam'st thou by this document ?

AFFLAND.

A priestly messenger deliver'd it to me.

RAYMOND.

'Tis strange Sebastian should take pains  
Thus to make known his treachery !  
Was there no other paper to explain  
Wherefore he became the enemy's guide ?

AFFLAND.

None other was given to me.

RAYMOND.

Nor any verbal explanation of the cause ?

AFFLAND.

Nor any further explanation.

RAYMOND.

'Tis wondrous strange, and seems incredible  
That Freilitz should be false to the Tyrol !  
And yet proclaim his perfidy  
In writing to his lov'd Theresa !

AFFLAND.

His own handwriting doth attest the charge—  
And more there cannot be adduced :  
Besides, I have no int'rest to convict him !

RAYMOND.

True : he is his own accuser ;  
And, tho' my most lov'd and valued friend,  
Must be adjudg'd an enemy to the state,  
And pay the forfeit with his life,  
If e'er he do return into the Tyrol.  
We'll summon the villagers without delay,  
Ere we pronounce his final condemnation.

*Enter* THERESA.

THERESA.

What means this bitter accusation ?

RAYMOND.

That Sebastian is a traitor.

## THERESA.

'Tis false as Heaven is just and gracious !  
Sebastian is as true as truth itself!  
What villain dares pronounce that horrid word,  
To mar the honor of a valiant man ?  
'Tis not good Raymond Landsberg I address,  
For he, I know, doth tower above reproach,  
And would not stain the laurels of the brave  
By such vile falsehood.

## AFFLAND.

You hear her rhapsody, good sirs ;  
'Twas even so that she accosted me,  
When I imparted, in good courtesy,  
To her the first intelligence.

## RAYMOND.

Did'st thou to her adduce the proof ?

## AFFLAND.

Her mind was then too much disorder'd  
To hear the evidence of guilt.

## PHILIP.

Peace, Affland, say not so : thou art a man,  
And should'st have made allowances for woman.  
Besides, her health hath suffer'd much of late,  
Through absence of Sebastian, unexplain'd.

## RAYMOND.

The letter being written to Theresa,  
Thou should'st have given it to her hand :  
Else thou had'st better not have disconcerted her  
By the disclosure of such sad intelligence.

THERESA.

What letter hath this rude, uncivil man  
Kept from its rightful owner?

AFFLAND.

A letter that pertaineth to the Tyrol,  
To whose authorities it of right belongs,  
Altho' it is addressed to thee.  
I did not harm thee much by its concealment.

THERESA.

Talk not of harm to one who is leagued with tears!  
Thou can'st but break a heart oppress'd with grief,  
And end my sorrow by revealment!  
How should the letter be address'd to me,  
Unless the writing be Sebastian's?

AFFLAND.

It is Sebastian's writing.

THERESA.

Oh, heavens!—then he's alive,  
And that's one blessing to my troubled heart.  
Give me the letter—even now,  
Though late, it will be welcome.

RAYMOND.

Hast thou held correspondence with Sebastian?

THERESA.

And dost thou, Raymond Landsberg, of thyself  
Ask that question?

RAYMOND.

Yes, of myself; but for the Tyrol's service.



THERESA.

Then, to the Tyrol I will answer—No !  
But that he was prompted to suspicion,  
Raymond had never ask'd that question.

RAYMOND.

Then here's the letter—  
Read it if thou can'st, and then declare  
If thou believ'st Sebastian true.

THERESA (*reads the letter*).

"DEAREST THERESA,

"Though I am faint and weak, I cannot permit  
the messenger to depart without a line, under my own  
hand, to your dear self. I have been compelled to  
become a guide to the enemy's forces, at which cir-  
cumstance you will feel surprised ; but I could not  
avoid the treacherous office. How I acted on the oc-  
casion, so as to obtain the ultimate approbation and  
sympathy of the Bavarians, I hope to be able to explain  
to you personally.

"Your's ever,

"SEBASTIAN FREILITZ."

(*Comments on it.*)

[*"How I acted on the occasion, so as to obtain the ul-  
timate approbation and sympathy of the Bavarians, I hope  
to explain to you personally !"*]

Is this the evidence thou bring'st to prove  
Sebastian to have been a traitor ?

Alas ! he was too faint to write at length

A full and ample vindication,

But he will do it personally to me !

Such is the drift and meaning of those lines.

Oh, my heart beats high with joyful ecstasy !

Then why this sad bewilderment of mind ?  
Alas ! a horrid dimness steals upon my eyes—  
My mouth is parched as with an arid fever—  
A shivering coldness runs thro' my frame—  
My temples throb with maddening pains—  
While my limbs are tottering to their fall !  
My head reels round—reason deserts me !  
Oh, my father ! Lisette ! help, help !

*[Exit, running off the stage.]*

RAYMOND (*addressing* FATHER PHILIP).

Follow her quickly, lest she fall ; haste, haste !  
Affland, we'll meet to-morrow, in the village ;  
I haste to Vostner now—I cannot further stay.

*[Exit RAYMOND.]*

AFFLAND.

Now works the boisterous passion of my tale ;  
I feel the swelling theme, as a rude sea,  
Rising beyond the limits of its tide.  
I have invok'd a spirit that I cannot lay,  
But must work out the problem to the end.  
Now, then, to young Sebastian I must haste,  
At Innsbruck town, wherein he doth sojourn,  
As states the narrative which I've suppress'd.  
He is of a generous, noble nature,  
And may not suspect my cunning purpose,  
Which is to dissuade him from coming hither  
Till the present tempest be abated,  
And I've secur'd my dreadful purposes.  
But if I find him slow to be convinc'd,  
His death shall follow, as a thing of course,  
Rather than I fall victim, and thus  
Be sacrific'd to my own revenge.

## ACT THE FIFTH.

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### SCENE I.

*A Scene near the Bridge at Innsbruck.*

*Enter FATHER STEPHEN and SEBASTIAN FREILITZ.*

SEBASTIAN.

I am glad thou'rt come : the hours hang heavily  
Since I arriv'd at Innsbruck 'waiting thee.  
What is thy news ? Are my letters sent ?

STEPHEN.

They must, ere now, be safe in Landek.

SEBASTIAN.

Thanks, good Father !  
Then do I stand acquitted, without doubt ;  
And the dark mystery, which veil'd my acts,  
Is now unfolded to my joyful friends !  
By what conveyance did'st thou send the letters ?

STEPHEN.

Oh, affairs fell out most fortunately—  
I met Raymond Landsberg !

SEBASTIAN.

Raymond Landsberg, sayest thou! Where?—  
Where did'st thou meet *him*?

STEPHEN.

I set off myself from Munich to Innsbruck,  
And intended to proceed to Landek;  
But on the road I met a Tyrolese,  
Who said he knew Vostner and Theresa;  
And saying his name was Raymond Landsberg  
He promised to deliver thy letters.

SEBASTIAN.

That was, indeed, a fortunate meeting.  
To-morrow I may safely go to Landek,  
And delight my eyes with its fair prospect.  
The contents of my letters will then be known  
To all the villagers, who will greet me  
With welcome looks, and ardent gratulations.  
Far different had it been to me  
Had I, without precaution, ventur'd to return  
Ere my reputation had been clear'd.  
Said Raymond Landsberg aught to you  
Concerning me?

STEPHEN.

He spoke of thee in terms of high respect;  
And that increas'd my confidence in him.

SEBASTIAN.

He ever was a faithful friend.  
Spoke he to thee of Theresa's health?

STEPHEN.

Not a word.

SEBASTIAN.

That was unlike good Raymond Landsberg !  
Did'st thou say thou should'st return to me ?

STEPHEN.

I did.

SEBASTIAN.

I cannot make it out that he  
Should not send tidings of Theresa !  
Full well he knew my passion for her.

STEPHEN.

Compose thy mind. Silence in Raymond  
Betoken'd well. Had aught happen'd to Theresa  
He was more likely to have made it known :  
She being well, why should he have declar'd  
To me the circumstances ? And for thy love,  
Silence was most fitting to a stranger—  
For only such I was to him.

SEBASTIAN.

Beshrew me but thou art a counsellor  
Excellent in all affairs.

STEPHEN.

Son, my priestly offices are not confin'd  
To purposes of pure religious duty,  
In giving lessons for eternal happiness.  
I minister to the mind oppress'd with care,  
Albeit worldly in its nature.

SEBASTIAN.

Such duties should pertain to priestly conduct,  
As friendly counsel much endears the man,  
And makes his office more respectable.

STEPHEN.

I must now leave thee for an hour or two,  
To visit other friends in Innsbruck ;  
Fear not that I shall fail to come again  
Ere thou dost return to Landek.

SEBASTIAN.

I'll meet thee here in two hours.

[*Exit* STEPHEN, R.]

(*Enter* AFFLAND, L.)

AFFLAND.

Do I see Sebastian Freilitz ?

SEBASTIAN.

What means this unexpected recognition ?  
Of all men, thou, Basil Affland,  
Art least welcome to my sight !  
Thou who has plotted my destruction.

AFFLAND.

Thou wrong'st thy nature by a false belief,  
And, by such cruel accusation, seem'st  
An enemy to him who is thy friend.  
This is not the greeting thou should'st give  
To him who has done thee so much service.

SEBASTIAN.

What service hast thou ever done for me ?

AFFLAND.

Kept the villagers in humour with thee,  
And done my best to quiet vile report :  
Ev'n now thou art suspected false by them,  
Altho' I've volunteer'd my friendly aid  
To vindicate thy truth and honor.

SEBASTIAN.

My honor, sir, can vindicate itself ;  
And for my truth, it had not been suspected,  
Had'st thou not given to Count Osnaberg  
Intelligence of my intended embassy  
To Hofer, and marr'd the enterprise.

AFFLAND.

Did Count Osnaberg tell thee so ?

SEBASTIAN.

Count Osnaberg could not betray the man,  
Tho' he should despise the instrument  
By which he gain'd undue advantage.

AFFLAND.

I have no knowledge of Count Osnaberg ;  
How should I know him, but from common fame ?

SEBASTIAN.

Thou know'st he is a Bavarian leader.

AFFLAND.

All the villagers know that as well as I.

SEBASTIAN.

But *they* would not betray their countrymen.

AFFLAND.

I would not wrong them by such supposition,  
Altho' I'm not a resident of Landek,

And was not interested to the same extent  
In the late pending contest. I would not,  
No, for my life, I would not wrong them  
By such an evil thought.

SEBASTIAN.

Did'st thou not attend the village meeting,  
At which it was resolv'd that I should go  
To Hofer to obtain his succour ?

AFFLAND.

I did attend that meeting.

SEBASTIAN.

Did'st thou not leave the council earlier  
Than the villagers ?

AFFLAND.

Granted.

SEBASTIAN.

I was surpris'd and ta'en that very night,  
Not in the pass of Finstermûng,  
But in an unfrequented route.

AFFLAND.

'Twas so announced as I left Landek,  
But 'twas not believ'd by the villagers ;  
And all the peasantry, for miles around,  
Believe thou hast been traitor to their cause.

SEBASTIAN.

Good Heavens ! Is it possible ?

AFFLAND.

'Tis even so ! and they would take thy life  
Could they but find thee.

H



SEBASTIAN.

But I sent letters to explain my conduct.

AFFLAND.

I have not seen them;  
But Raymond Landsberg said there were letters,  
One of which was for Theresa Vostner.

SEBASTIAN.

Does Raymond think me false?

AFFLAND.

He does not: and much he has to do  
To save himself from lawless violence,  
• By espousal of thy cause against them all.

SEBASTIAN.

All!—what dost thou mean by all?  
Doth Vostner, or Theresa, doubt me, then?

AFFLAND.

Vostner hath Austrian prejudices,  
And openly declares thou hast been faithless;  
And for Theresa——

SEBASTIAN.

Theresa! What of her?

AFFLAND.

Alas! her life has almost fallen a sacrifice  
To her belief that thou art honest!

SEBASTIAN.

Bless her for her firm unshaken confidence,  
Added to her other qualities of soul:

But the sacrifice thou speak'st of—  
Was her life attempted ?

AFFLAND.

The cruelty of her father,  
On the receipt of thy letter to him,  
(Written in a hand unknown at Landek)  
Coupled with the contents of the other,  
Which thou did'st write thyself to her,  
Threw her into a deadly fever.

SEBASTIAN.

O horrible intelligence !  
That should be echoed in the caves of hell,  
'Till, by reverberation of the sound,  
The dismal conclave of the damn'd should yell  
Its cursed approbation.

AFFLAND.

Be not so rash in exclamation.

SEBASTIAN.

Talk not to me of rashness.  
Thou torturest me with words of fire,  
And then dost blow a cooling blast  
To increase the livid flame !

AFFLAND.

Theresa is now partially restor'd  
To health—though weak in body.

SEBASTIAN.

Thank God ! things are not quite so bad  
As woeful sorrow pictur'd to my mind.  
I did not think her father such a man.

AFFLAND.

Since Hofer's capture he has been most craz'd,  
And thinks all men traitors to Austria.

SEBASTIAN.

The death of Hofer !  
That was a cruel business, Affland.  
His patriot life deserv'd a better fate  
Than the cold blooded butchery he suffer'd  
Fortune hath seldom play'd so foul a part  
To any votary of fame.

AFFLAND.

Long may his glorious memory live  
Among the Tyrolese : whose brightest hope  
And dearest patriot he was !

SEBASTIAN.

I join that wish with all my heart—  
He was my valu'd friend.

AFFLAND.

He was surpris'd the same night that thou wast.

SEBASTIAN.

It was a strange coincidence !

AFFLAND.

And the detachment thou did'st solicit  
For the relief of Landek, at the same time.  
'Tis therefore clear that thy capture  
Must have been the effect of accident,  
Not design—the enemy having more,  
Far more important work to do :

And being actively engag'd thereon,  
Their troops were traversing all the passes  
On that memorable night.

SEBASTIAN.

Then I have wrong'd thee, Affland, much indeed;  
And deeply I regret it.

AFFLAND.

I never thought thee much my friend,  
Since I, in ignorance of thy prior suit,  
Proffer'd my hand to fair Theresa :—  
But it delights one's soul to return good  
For evil measures and malignant thoughts.

SEBASTIAN.

Do not further harass my troubled soul :  
Vile accidents enough have fallen out  
To sear my happiness.

AFFLAND.

I knew that well, and, therefore, made allowance  
For all thy phrenzied accusations ;  
But, as thou sayest, we'll drop discussion  
Of such ill occurrences.  
Think you not 'tis pity Lewis Vostner,  
An exil'd noble—a mere Austrian outlaw—  
So much concerns himself in our affairs ?  
I mean the affairs of the Tyrol ?

SEBASTIAN.

We will not enter on that theme.

AFFLAND.

Methinks he has no cause to be thy foe—  
To sow suspicions among the villagers ?

SEBASTIAN.

Peace, Affland ! Vostner is Theresa's father !  
My foe he cannot be, though prejudiced :—  
I will not hear a word against his fame.  
I must be off this night to Landek,  
And counteract this wrong suspicion.

AFFLAND.

That would be rashness ! hazarding thy life.—  
I had almost forgot to inform thee,  
That my purpose here was to entreat  
Thy stay at Innsbruck, till the vengeance  
Of the villagers subside.

SEBASTIAN.

What care I for vengeance undeserved ?

AFFLAND.

Besides, thy sudden presence at this time  
Would be too much for poor Theresa.

SEBASTIAN.

That is an argument that vanquishes  
My ev'ry thought of moving hence !  
But how long wilt thou have me stay ?

AFFLAND.

Till Raymond send to thee.  
Two days at most will, without doubt, suffice  
To bring the villagers to reason.

SEBASTIAN.

Since thou wilt have it so,  
I'll bide that time here at Innsbruck ;

Thou, meantime, giving to Raymond  
Thy support and influence at Landek  
For my vindication.

AFFLAND.

Of that thou may rest assur'd.

[*Exit* AFFLAND.]

(*Re-enter* FATHER STEPHEN.)

STEPHEN.

My return to thee is sooner than expected !  
Thou hast receiv'd news from Landek, as it seems.

SEBASTIAN.

How knowest thou that, good father ?

STEPHEN.

Was not Raymond Landsberg with thee just now ?

SEBASTIAN.

Raymond Landsberg with me !  
Thou art dreaming !

STEPHEN.

I mean the man to whom I deliver'd  
The letters for Vostner and Theresa.

SEBASTIAN.

Was he who conferr'd with me awhile since,  
The man who call'd himself Raymond Landsberg ?  
And to whom thou did'st confide the packet ?

STEPHEN.

The very same !

SEBASTIAN.

Oh ! then I perceive his fiendish purpose. —

The mischief must be counteracted soon,—  
Else all will be lost !

STEPHEN.

Was he not Raymond Landsberg, then ?

SEBASTIAN.

No : but Basil Affland !

STEPHEN.

He whom thou did'st suspect  
Of betraying thee to Count Osnaberg ?

SEBASTIAN.

The very same.

STEPHEN.

Oh, misery ! what is to be done ?  
What can I do to set this matter right ?

SEBASTIAN.

Go thyself to Landek, on the instant :  
The distance hence is short, and thou wilt soon be there ;  
See Raymond Landsberg, and explain to him  
The fraud which has been practis'd on thee,  
And orally recount my true adventures.  
Lose not a moment on this expedition—  
I will follow thee in a trice.  
I would set off at once, but, as thou know'st,  
My countrymen are prone to action,  
Ev'n before thinking ; and ere I could explain  
My true history, they might, in choler,  
Tear me in pieces : such is their revenge  
On those whom they set down as traitors !

STEPHEN.

I will set off without delay.

SEBASTIAN.

I will but give thee time to tell thy tale  
Ere I do follow. Farewell, God speed thee.

STEPHEN.

Farewell.

[*Exit* STEPHEN.]

SEBASTIAN.

'Tis fortunate this villany's found out in time.  
Why did Affland wish me to tarry here,  
And thus delay my journey homeward  
Till I should hear from Raymond when to leave?  
And yet it was not Raymond who obtain'd  
The letters: No, Raymond never had them!  
This fiendish Affland hath suppress'd them both,  
And, with some vile invention of his own,  
Hath made a substitution, seeming true,  
Though stain'd with guilty purpose of revenge.  
Theresa drew his character aright—  
To the very letter. Women are wise  
In their discernment of the other sex,  
And can read a villain's countenance  
Thro' the mask of his dissembling looks,  
As though it were an ample title-page  
Of his hideous mind.  
Now to prepare, and to be prompt withal,  
To try the force of truth against some cunning scheme.

[*Exit.*]



## SCENE II.

*A Road, with Landek in view.*

*(Enter AFFLAND.)*

AFFLAND.

Thus far hath my fell purpose been accomplish'd  
With deadly aim and steady execution.  
Theresa, for rejecting me, will shrink  
Into the icy arms of meagre death.  
The roses from her cheeks have worn away,  
And faded like a wither'd chaplet.  
Sebastian, my hateful rival, is deceiv'd,  
And shall no more be Landek's idol!  
If I can raise commotion with the people  
'Gainst his life, so much the better.—If not—  
A rifle, levell'd from an unknown hand,  
Shall bring his proud humanity to dust  
If he attempt returning to the village.  
I have cozen'd him, and it shall go hard  
But I will have my measure of revenge!  
That done, Raymond and Vostner shall be made  
Victims, sacrific'd for my security:  
Then shall I be first in Landek—  
Nay, in the whole Tyrolean league;  
And I may dictate to Bavaria terms  
For aggrandisement of my power and opulence.

*[Exit.]*

*(Enter VOSTNER and RAYMOND from opposite directions.)*

RAYMOND.

How is Theresa? Is there hope  
That she will be restor'd to health?

VOSTNER.

Alas! she is sinking fast into her grave,  
And with her all the hope of my old age!  
Ah, Raymond! we little think when we  
Have pass'd the autumn of our lives abroad,  
And look for cheerful winter at our home  
That death may spoil us of our only child,  
And make our fireside desolate!  
I nurs'd Theresa as a sweet flow'ret,  
Blossoming to perfection: but my fond hope,  
I fear, will soon be wither'd.

RAYMOND.

It grieves me much to hear you talk so sadly.  
Does the fever still continue on her?

VOSTNER.

The fever hath subsided, but in its place  
A languor steals upon her shatter'd frame,  
That seems like death in life.

RAYMOND.

Is her reason good?

VOSTNER.

Her faded body is too weak to retain  
Th' ethereal beauty of her accomplish'd mind,  
Whose penetration far transcends her years.

RAYMOND.

She had, indeed, a power of perception  
That did surpass the experienced minds  
Of men accustom'd to the ways of life.  
She measured Affland's soul with accuracy,  
When I had falter'd in my judgment  
Of poor Sebastian's letter.

VOSTNER.

There's something in that letter unexplain'd  
That yet will come to light.

RAYMOND.

So I and all the villagers believe.  
'Twas a disgraceful act in Affland  
To shock Theresa by the disclosure  
In so abrupt a way.

VOSTNER.

That was his malice 'gainst her for refusal  
Of his hand, and against Sebastian  
For the preference he had obtain'd.

RAYMOND.

No doubt—no doubt.  
But see, who's that comes hither?—a stranger!

*(Enter FATHER STEPHEN.)*

STEPHEN.

Good sirs, is Landek far distant?

RAYMOND.

Yonder is Landek.

STEPHEN.

I want one Raymond Landsberg.

VOSTNER.

He is here.

*[Pointing to RAYMOND.]*

STEPHEN.

Then, indeed, I've been deceiv'd.

RAYMOND.

Deceiv'd! By whom?

STEPHEN.

By a man who call'd himself by thy name,  
And thus obtain'd two letters from my hand,  
Under a promise to deliver them  
To one Lewis Vostner.

RAYMOND.

This is Lewis Vostner.

*[Pointing to him.]*

STEPHEN.

The letters were from Sebastian Freilitz,  
Address'd to Lewis Vostner and Theresa.

RAYMOND.

Was there a letter for both Lewis Vostner  
And Theresa?

STEPHEN.

There was such a letter!  
And it contain'd full explanation  
Of Sebastian's capture.

RAYMOND.

Then Affland hath suppress'd that missive.  
Now, then, indeed, the plot is fairly out,

And truth lights up her torch within the mind,  
Dispelling all the mists of falsehood ;  
And proving the short-liv'd policy of fraud  
Against the force of honesty and justice.  
Walk with us, friend, to the village.

STEPHEN.

That was the object of my journey :  
To exhort thee to harangue the villagers,  
And set Sebastian right with them,  
Ere he return to Landek presently.

RAYMOND.

There's no time, then, to be lost !  
Let us pass on : we'll talk upon our way  
And gain full explanation.

STEPHEN.

Be that as thou lik'st best.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### SCENE III.

*A Street in Landek.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and AFFLAND on opposite sides.*

AFFLAND (*to FREILITZ*).

Thou hast not kept thy word,  
But art return'd to Landek !

SEBASTIAN.

Thou fiend—dissimulative and hateful !  
What did'st thou with my letters ?

AFFLAND.

What should I do with them ?

SEBASTIAN.

Come, sirrah, 'tis useless to equivocate !  
Answer to the point—be brief and explicit !

AFFLAND.

If thou art appris'd, why need I answer ?

SEBASTIAN.

Did'st thou not personate Raymond Landsberg ?

AFFLAND.

'Tis useless to deny the fact—I did !  
And, for thy satisfaction, be inform'd  
That I deliver'd one letter—the other——

SEBASTIAN.

What did'st thou do with the other ?  
Speak, villain !

AFFLAND.

I kept it back.

SEBASTIAN.

Which did'st thou deliver ?

AFFLAND.

That for Theresa. The other is here.  
(*Holding it up.*)

SEBASTIAN.

Give it to me ! What could induce thee

Thus to plot against my happiness ?  
I never injured thee !

AFFLAND.

Thou hast injured me in every way :  
By thy renown with Hofer, in the field,  
Thou hast obtain'd a high ascendancy  
Among our countrymen, and left no scope  
For me, except as thy inferior ;  
And by thy acts, dissimulative in love,  
Thou hast monopoliz'd the affections  
Of the fair Theresa, who once gave hope  
To me as to a favor'd suitor.

SEBASTIAN.

'Tis false ! I never did thee wrong :  
But thou hast entertain'd a jealousy  
Of me, and of my humble achievements,  
Without a noble emulation in thyself  
To gain superior excellence.  
Envy's a load which poorest merit bears  
From vile ambition, mark'd with selfish ends.  
Idleness may envy what it cannot reach  
But as an evanescent dream of life,  
Too futile for sincere indulgence :  
Vain are the freaks of folly in its lust.  
Both these are harmless in comparison ;  
But knavery, that falters in its cunning schemes,  
Retains a venom'd appetite to mar  
The virtue which it had not worth to gain.

AFFLAND.

What doth this argument tend to prove ?

SEBASTIAN.

That thou dost gratify a mean revenge,  
By keeping on in thy malignant course,  
Though thou hast lost the power to do me harm ;  
I come to justify myself to all.  
Give me the letter, villain !

AFFLAND.

Never will Affland obey thy commands ;  
Recall thou thy opprobrious epithets,  
Or take the villain back thou gav'st to me.

SEBASTIAN.

Tempt not a man made desperate by wrongs.—  
By the Holy Trinity, I swear,  
Such is my rage, I'd hack thee piece by piece,  
But that I've shed nobler blood in thy defence,  
To save thy country from a foreign yoke,  
And would not now disgrace my trusty sword  
Against a traitor to his father-land.

AFFLAND.

Hold !—vile declaimer—scorn me not,  
My sword's as good as thine, as soon I'll prove ;  
And is well temper'd by the hate I bear thee.  
Draw and defend thyself.

*[Draws his sword.]*

SEBASTIAN.

I'll not rob justice of its rightful prey,  
Nor rust my polish'd steel with infamy,  
By drawing it against a wretch like thee.  
Go get thee hence, and flee thy country's wrath,



And in some foreign land atone thy crimes.  
I do not seek thy life, though thou did'st mine—  
Take mercy, ere it be too late.

## AFFLAND.

Mercy from thee, thou man of enterprise !  
If I'm foil'd as yet in my design,  
I will not live in infamy and scorn,  
And thou enjoy the privilege of fame.  
I will chastise thy insolent presumption :  
Behold my blade is ready for the fray.

## SEBASTIAN.

I spurn thy threat'ning words, and do defy

*(Draws.)*

Thy power o'er my life, by manly means.  
Let me pass on—

*(Attempts to pass, but AFFLAND crosses his sword.)*

Ha ! this is poor welcome to my native land,  
But as I *must* fight my obstructed way,  
Thy blood rest on thy own devoted head.

*(They fight, and AFFLAND falls.)*

## AFFLAND.

The day is thine—my evil fate prevails ;  
The wound is mortal, and my life wanes fast.  
I've drunk deep draughts of bitterest revenge,  
But could not quench my thirsty hate of thee  
Without thy blood. My soul was obdurate,  
And could not forgive thy worthiness.  
But the hour of death is honest ;  
Oh, the pain of dying with remorse !

Dost thou now forgive me? speak quickly—  
Life's tide is ebbing at a rapid pace.

SEBASTIAN.

May Heaven grant thee mercy!  
With all my heart I do forgive thee.

AFFLAND.

Thanks, thanks. O for an unspotted life,  
Bright retrospect, to soothe the parting hour—  
But that's impossible. Here, here's the letter.  
Farewell!

[Dies.

SEBASTIAN.

Could we recall the past and live anew,  
Such is the wish of many a sorry man,  
Whose wretched thoughts crowd at the close of life.  
'Tis vain to speak of profit by experience  
Deriv'd from human wisdom of itself.  
Could the mere threshold of our days be made  
More pure by the vile lessons of maturer years  
Than the fair bloom of childish innocence?  
Ah no! we do not guard ourselves from ill;  
Nor should we boast of our intelligence  
When we have escaped the chasm of dark crime.  
The happiest few have many ills to dread,  
And they most steep'd in infamy may hope  
A brighter aspect in their future lives,  
By faith and true reliance.

THERESA (*behind the Scenes*).

Stand off—detain me not: I hear him!  
Sebastian! O, Sebastian!

SEBASTIAN.

It is—it is Theresa's voice.

*(Enter THERESA, rushing on the Stage.)*

Where hast thou been so long, my honor'd love,  
My pride, my joy, my ev'ry hope on earth?  
I thought thou would'st have come to hear the knell  
Of death, and see my funeral pall;  
But as thou art here in life, O joy of sufferance,  
That gave me respite for another hour—  
Now then, be brief; tell me all  
Thy sad adventures past.  
No; let oblivious darkness cover them—  
Since thou art here, the present is enough,  
And time is precious.

SEBASTIAN.

And thou art all in all on earth to me.  
No reflux of the past shall deluge now  
The stream of joy that ripples with new hope.

THERESA.

O thou generous, noble-hearted, man,  
Whose soul doth tower above thy compeers,  
As the high range of elevated thought  
Surpasses all the grosser natures.  
With what rapture may we not love the good,  
The great, the wise, the illustrious by deeds!  
To feel identity of mind with them,  
Watch the grand prospects of their bright career  
In the pale distance of their morning's dawn,  
And see them beam to noon-tide splendor.  
The struggling efforts of such immortal minds

Leap o'er the trammels of a narrow world,  
And all the labyrinths and bounds prescribed  
By prejudice, or custom, to achieve  
Their virtuous and brilliant purposes !  
I have watch'd thee, dear Sebastian,  
With an immaterial and inverted eye ;  
And on my couch of sickness, with sense acute,  
When all beside seem'd cold indifference,  
I've seen thee in imagination ;  
And when my friends stood by my side,  
And said my mind was wandering,  
'Twas an unearthly vision that passed o'er  
My meditations, like a dream,  
Concentrating all my faculties of thought !  
There was no medium that could stand between  
Our spiritual essences—  
Nor is there distance betwixt kindred souls.

## SEBASTIAN.

Talk not, sweet love, in such mysterious strains,  
Nor, by indulgence of supernal thoughts,  
Dwell on the impalpable and obscure.  
We are material in our present shape,  
And oh ! let love, and every human joy,  
Claim some possession of thy gifted mind.  
We live for interchange of happiness—  
Human happiness—to live in heart's delight,  
And feel the sun of this corporeal world  
Cherishing us by its genial warmth,  
Invigorating ev'ry mortal sense,  
And, after the sad winter of the past,  
Beaming a summer's present gladness.

THERESA.

Alas, Sebastian ! 'tis hard to part  
From our hearts' fondest treasure,  
The one dear being of our tenderest love ;  
To feel our bodies lifted by our souls  
To a bare view of present happiness,  
And then to sink to festering dust ;  
Yet such must be thy poor Theresa's fate !  
A little while since life seem'd a garden  
Fill'd with flowers of sweetest fragrance,  
Whose hue and freshness seem'd to smile on me :  
My drooping spirit felt reviv'd with hope,  
To live with thee whole years of joy :—  
But transient was the scene !

SEBASTIAN.

O say not so :—live, my Theresa, live !  
Thy own Sebastian lives for thee alone.  
Heaven will be merciful——

THERESA.

Heaven is merciful and just to all !  
Man is the real enemy of man,  
When his perverted nature, rank with hate,  
Destroys the purpose of creative love,  
And makes this world a theatre of woe,  
Which else had been a paradise of bliss.—  
But I grow faint—support me.

SEBASTIAN.

Come to my arms, my sweetest love,  
Thou—thou turnest pale. O Heavens !  
Thou art dying !

THERESA.

I am indeed:—my time is very short—  
I had thy letter—thou hast been clear'd—  
Prov'd loyal, true, and all that's good:—  
I can say no more.  
The sands are running from the glass—  
One effort more—  
Live, Sebastian, for thy country;  
Do not grieve for thy Theresa's death.  
Farewell—my love—farewell!

[*She dies.*

*Enter* RAYMOND, VOSTNER, FATHER STEPHEN,  
FATHER PHILIP, *and Villagers.*

VOSTNER.

What, Sebastian here!  
Theresa dead!  
This meeting was too much for her!

RAYMOND.

Affland slain too!

SEBASTIAN.

He was slain by me in mortal combat;  
Which o'er, Theresa rush'd to my arms,  
Alas! to droop, to fade, to die!

THE END.

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